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THE HISTORY OF *JOSEPH.* A POEM.

In Six BOOKS.

With CUTS proper to each Book.

By *W. ROSE*, Rector of *E. Clandon* in *Surrey.*

Many are the Afflictions of the Righteous: but the Lord delivereth him out of them all.
Psal. 34. 19.

LONDON:
Printed for *James Knapton* at the *Crown* in St. *Paul's* Church-Yard. 1712.

BRITISH MUSEUM

TO

THOMAS HEATH,

Of *Hatchlands*, Eſq;

SIR,

IT is with leſs Scruple, that I venture the following Sheets abroad, ſince they afford me the Opportunity of acknowledging

my many Obligations to You. An early Acquaintance with You, at the Univerſity, gave me the firſt Taſte of your *agreeable* Friendſhip; and 'tis, Sir, to You that I am indebted, for its having ſince prov'd a *profitable* one. If I offend againſt your Modeſty by ſo open a Declaration, 'tis not, however, without the Proſpect of your Pardon; ſince I intend the doing my ſelf a further Service by it: There is a *Credit* uſually annext to the *Favour* of Men of *Worth* and *Integrity*. Your own Virtues have ſuffici-

ſufficiently ſecur'd to You that *Character*; and, that I am not inconſiderable with You, is owing (next the Regard you have for my Cloth) to your Good-nature, and Humanity. I heartily wiſh that the Acknowledgment, I here make You, were more worthy of the Motives inciting me to it; and that what I have inſcribed to You, had a better Claim to your Patronage. But tho' I am ſcarce ſanguine enough to expect ſo great a Favour to ſo mean a Performance; the Nature of my *Subject* inclines me, however, to believe it will become

come no disagreeable Present to You; who are, by Principle, dispos'd favourably to entertain whatsoever comes to your Hands supported by the Authority of *Holy Writ*.

I am, SIR,

Your very much Oblig'd

and Humble Servant,

Wm Rose.

PREFACE.

I *Have, in the following Lines, endeavour'd to ſet before the Reader a Paſſage in Holy Writ, replete with Incidents highly demonſtrative of a Providence; and equally tending to encourage a rational and juſt Dependance on the Divine Favour and Protection, to the Good and Virtuous, under all Diſcouragements and Adverſities incident to them.*

The Hiſtory of Joſeph, *whether we conſider the Importance or Variety of Occurrences in it (all of them ſubordinate to that one great Event, of preſerving his* Father's *Name and Family to future Generations; and of ſecuring to them the Promiſe of God, to* Abraham, *of Seed as numerous as the Stars) is, I think, not the leaſt remarkable of any contain'd in the* Old Teſtament; *and bears ſo far Analogy to the* New, *as he is eſteemed to have been a Type of our* Bleſſed Saviour.

There are, I believe, ſcarce any who read this Paſſage with Attention, without being ſenſibly affected by it. For my own Part, it was from the Agreeableneſs of Entertainment

I found in the frequent Peruſal of it, that I was at length induc'd to make the following Eſſay; by way of diverſifying a Pleaſure which the Hiſtory it ſelf had ſo often afforded me. And that it is now made public was with this only View, that what had become matter of agreeable Speculation to my ſelf, might poſſibly prove, in ſome meaſure, acceptable to others.

Tho', at the ſame time, I muſt freely own, I was ſo far from endeavouring at an artful Management of the Subject before me, that I have ſcarce ſuffered my ſelf to be ty'd to any Rule, ſave that of the Manners. *To which Remiſneſs I was, in a manner, forc'd by the great Variety, and Diſproportion of Incidents, which were enough to have diſcourag'd me from attempting a regular Deſign, had I Nerves equal to ſuch an Undertaking. For if the preſcribed Bounds of Action in an Heroic Poem be, at largeſt, not above a Twelvemonth: From what Period could I have dated this, without either beginning at too wide a Diſtance from the Event, or leaving too little Room for the ſubſequent Action?*

Joſeph's *Troubles did overtake him in the Land of* Canaan, *and followed him into* Egypt; *where, after a ſhort Reſpite, he was caſt into* Priſon, *and there continu'd 'till his Advancement in the Court of* Pharaoh. *Now, I preſume, the Action could not properly commence from either of theſe Periods, becauſe of their Re-*

Remoteneſs from the Event; neither could it immediately proceed from the time of his Advancement in Egypt; *there happening ſcarce any thing remarkable, and proper for Action from that Date, till the Approach of his* Brethren *thither, to buy Corn in the time of the Famine; which was nine Years afterwards, as appears in the Hiſtory.*

And tho' this Time may ſeem to have been the moſt appoſite, from which to date the ſubſequent Action; yet neither is it without its Inconveniencies. For, beſide that from hence the future Incidents are ſcarce ſufficient to furniſh out Matter for the following Poem; it would be extremely difficult to inſert the preceding Circumſtances of Joſeph's *Life, which are neceſſary both to the embelliſhing, and rendering of his Character entire, without the Neceſſity of either very tedious Narrations (a Circumſtance obſervable in the* Sopomphaneas *of* Grotius) *or, (for the avoiding ſuch Inconvenience) a Fiction of Circumſtances, ſcarce allowable in a Subject of this Nature. Upon theſe Conſiderations it was (whether thro' Miſtake, or with juſt Reaſon, I leave to others to determine) that I reſigned my ſelf to be led by the Series of Occurrences, as they offered themſelves to my Notice; uſing no more of Art or Contrivance, than might conduce to the giving of the following Attempt ſome Reſemblance of an Epic Poem.*

Thus

PREFACE.

Thus much I thought neceſſary to premiſe in my own Excuſe, for the Liberties taken in this Way of writing; which is in its ſelf, of all, the moſt delicate, and impatient of either Mediocrity or Licentiouſneſs. And as I never entertain'd ſo good an Opinion of my ſelf, nor ſo bad a one of other Men, as to hope to paſs for a Poet *among them; ſo it will prove a leſs Mortification to me, to be cenſur'd for being none at all.*

Heliconiadaſque, pallidamque Pirenen
Illis remitto, quorum Imagines lambunt
Hederæ ſequaces.——

That I attempted to write in Verſe, was becauſe I thought it no improper Dreſs, to affect the Reader more agreeably, and amuſe my ſelf. Such as it is, it may, I hope, meet with a favourable Reception among thoſe, for whoſe ſake it was chiefly intended: thoſe, I mean, who have a Regard for Matters Serious and Religious; and to whom the Contemplation of Virtue oppreſs'd, *is no farther grateful, than as previous to the more agreeable Turn of Virtue* rewarded.

CON-

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BOOK II.

The Merchants carry Joſeph *to* Egypt. *He is ſold to* Potiphar, Pharaoh's *Chief Officer. He bewails the Loſs of his* Country. *Is kindly treated, and eſteem'd by his* Maſter. *His* Miſtreſs's *ſecret Paſſion for him. She inquires into his* Birth *and* Family. Joſeph's *Relation of thoſe Matters. The Miſtreſs diſcovers her Paſſion to* Joſeph; *and is rejected by him. Her Contrivance to bring him to her Purpoſe. In her laſt Attempt,* Joſeph *leaves his Robe in her Hands, and eſcapes. His Miſtreſs's Behaviour on that Occaſion.* Potiphar's *Jealouſie, and Reſentment.* Joſeph *is committed to Priſon. The* Jailer's *Kindneſs to him. His Behaviour in the Truſt committed to him by the Jailor. He interprets the two Dreams of* Pharaoh's *chief* Butler *and* Baker.

BOOK III.

Pharaoh's *two Dreams. The* Magicians *attempt their Interpretation; but in vain.* Joſeph *is at length recommended to* Pharaoh, *by his chief* Butler. *He interprets the two Dreams; and gives* Pharaoh *Advice concerning their Event.* Joſeph *is promoted hereupon: And undertakes the Province aſſign'd him by* Pharaoh.

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BOOK IV.

The Famine *in* Egypt *deſcrib'd.* Joſeph's Brethren *come to buy Corn.* Joſeph's *feign'd Suſpicion of them. Their Fears and Apprehenſions thereupon. He demands their Brother* Benjamin: *And diſmiſſes all, but* Simeon. *They return to their Father* Jacob, *with the ſorrowful News of what had befallen them in* Egypt. Jacob's *Fears for* Simeon, *and* Benjamin.

BOOK V.

Jacob's *Perplexity about the ſending his Son* Benjamin. Judah *undertakes for his Safety, and Return.* Jacob *is with much Difficulty prevailed on to let him go. Their Arrival in* Egypt, *and ſubmiſſive Behaviour to* Joſeph. *He orders an Entertainment for them, and ſo diſmiſſes them. He contrives by Stratagem to bring them back. They are greatly affrighted at the Diſcovery of his Cup, in the Sack of* Benjamin. *They return, and ſubmit themſelves.* Joſeph's *Diſcovery of himſelf to them. Their ſudden Surprize, and Joy that followed thereupon. He furniſhes them with rich Preſents for their Father, whom he invites into* Egypt; *and ſends them Home.*

BOOK VI.

Jacob, *in his Way to* Egypt, *is encouraged by* God: *Who diſcovers to him, in a Dream, what ſhall befall him and his Poſterity, in that Land.* Jacob *purſues his Journey, and arrives in* Egypt. *He is joyfully received by his* Son, *and reſpectfully entertained by* Pharaoh; *who promiſes to provide for him, and his Family; and aſſigns them a Place of Abode.*

ERRATA.

PAge 5. line 16. for *Empireal* read *Empyreal.* l. 17. for *Miriads*, read *Myriads* p. 9. l. 6. for *lie*, read *lies.* p. 12. l. 12. for *Ray*, read *Rage.* p. 13. l. 12. for *Bood*, read *Blood.* p. 33. l. 4. for *Camles*, read *Camels.* p. 103. l. 14. for *which* read *with.*

THE HISTORY OF JOSEPH.

BOOK I.

The ARGUMENT.

The Propoſition. The Invocation. Joſeph's *two Dreams. Their different Reception with his* Father, *and* Brethren. *The Brethren in a ſecret Cabal plot* Joſeph's *Ruin. He is ſent by* Jacob *to them at* Sichem. *They determine to kill him. They are diverted from that Purpoſe by the Perſuaſion of their Brother* Reuben; *and let him down alive into an adjacent Pit. Afterwards they ſell him to* Merchants *going to* Egypt. *The Brothers impoſe on their Father, by producing his* Coat, *bloody and torn.* Jacob's *Lamentation for the Death of his Son.* Reuben's *Diſappointment, and Concern thereupon.*

I Sing the Youth, by envying *Brothers* Scorn,
From a good *Father*'s fond Embraces torn;
Who ſcarce from Death repriev'd, in *Egypt*'s [Land,
A mournful Exile, various Fates ſuſtain'd:
Till Heav'n, in Recompence of injur'd Worth,
From Chains and Darkneſs call'd his Virtue forth;
And to his Wrongs this happy Iſſue gave,
To rule, A *Prince*, where he was ſold a *Slave*.

Propitiate, Bright *Urania*, my Deſign,
With Succour, like my preſent Theme, Divine!
Say how the Darling of good *Jacob*'s Age
Suſtain'd the Malice, and conſpiring Rage

Of

Of Brothers Hate. Say how the *Patriarch* mourn'd
His loſt Belov'd: How Ill to Good was turn'd,
In the Event, by God's o'er-ruling Hand,
Who made their Crime preſerve a ſtarving Land.

Yet ere Thou Sing of *Joſeph*'s Princely State;
His Patience, and his Virtue try'd, relate.
Diſplay the Rage of diſappointed Luſt;
What he ſuſtain'd for being Chaſt and Juſt:
Till from a Dungeon freed, his Worth made known
Advanc'd him Second to th' Imperial Throne.

Man, born to nobler Ends, is found to be
To his own Kind the ſtubborn'ſt Enemy.
Who, tho' diſtinguiſh'd from the Brutal Part
Of God's immenſe Creation, by a Heart
With Heav'n-born Pow'rs replete, of great Deſigns
Capacious, oft theſe Faculties reſigns,
In vile Subjection, to th' impetuous Reign
Of Lawleſs Rage, gentler in Beaſts than Men.

Tygers and Wolves, when they engage in Fight,
By Luſt are prompted, or by Appetite;
But fiercer Men to Man's Deſtruction run,
By various Luſts and Paſſions hurry'd on.
Yet moſt conſpicuouſly the Fury reigns
Amidſt Relations, and corrupts the Veins
Of ſuch, who tho' they from one Source derive
Their vital Pow'rs, at Strife and Variance live.
While Nature yet two only Brothers ſaw,
This War began. Nor Ties of Blood, nor Awe
Of God's, or *Adam*'s Pow'r, the Rage reſtrain'd
Of jealous Hate; nor ſtay'd *Cain*'s guilty Hand.
Ere Man the dire Artillery yet knew
Of Swords or Poiſons, he his Brother ſlew.
Nor hadſt Thou, *Jacob*, better ſcap'd, purſu'd
By *Eſau*, ſworn to ſhed thy threaten'd Blood;
Had not Omnipotence deign'd to rebate
His Rage, and chang'd to Gentleneſs his Hate.

But

But let not *Reuben*'s Merit 'ſcape unſung,
The gen'rous *Reuben*'s Merit; who, among
This Sett of adverſe Brothers, whilſt they ſtrove
To ſtifle Nature, and ſuppreſs their Love,
A ſeeming Length in all their Meaſures went,
Th' Effects of their known Malice to prevent.

Say from what Cauſe this angry Conſult roſe;
What could determine them ſuch reſtleſs Foes
To *Jacob*'s Love, and *Joſeph*'s innocent Repoſe?
Envy, the rankling Fury of the Breaſt;
Offspring of Pride, and Enemy to Reſt.
She taught the *Rebel Seraphim* to try
The pointed Vengeance of the Deity:
When, with that *Fiend* in impious Concert join'd,
They to ſurpriſe his awful Throne combin'd:
Till from th' Empireal Battlements above
Omnipotence their blaſted Miriads drove.

Since when, her baffled Rancour to employ,
The unbleſs'd Fury does Mankind annoy.
Reſtleſs abroad her baleful Eyes ſhe caſts,
And with infectious Breath the Verdure blaſts
Of ſpringing *Merit*. Quick of Sight to find
Mens *Errors*, She's to all their *Virtues* blind.

When *Jacob*, forc'd by Menac'd Ills, forſook
His Father's Houſe, and thence to *Haran* took
Commanded Flight: To ſubtil *Laban* come,
He finds within his Walls a friendly Home.
Here the ſoft Fires of lovely *Rachel*'s Eyes
Demand his Heart, a not unwilling Prize.
Canaan's forgot. Charm'd by the gentle Fair,
He grows unmindful of *Rebecca*'s Care.
For *Rachel*'s Love to *Laban* next he ſues:
No Toil, for her, no Labour he'll refuſe.
Sev'n Years, he covenants his Flocks to lead;
To guard from Beaſts by Night, by Day to feed.

Sev'n rowling Years expir'd, he now demands
His Labour's Merit at the Father's Hands.
The faithleſs Father, 'ſtead of *Rachel*'s Charms,
With a falſe Bride deceives his longing Arms:
Regardleſs of the Cov'nant, he conſtrains
The Lover to repeat his ſev'n Years Pains.
With Patience, equal to his Love, he bears
Th' unfiniſh'd Toil of ſev'n revolving Years:
When to the Nuptial Bed the bluſhing Dame,
Fraught with the Charms of Grace and Beauty, [came.
Yet, with the Prize of all his Labours crown'd,
No hope of future Progeny he found.
God had from *Rachel*, *Jacob*'s beſt belov'd,
That Gift with-held; whilſt *Leah* fruitful prov'd:
Till, mov'd by pious Tears, He heard her Moan,
And bleſs'd her with the Proſpect of a Son.
Ere many Seaſons had their Influence ſhed
On her late purchas'd Joy, her *Joſeph*'s Head;

To that, which Heav'n already had beſtow'd,
Her Breaſt with hope of ſecond Iſſue glow'd.
But ſhe, whilſt lab'ring to produce this Son
To taſte of vital Breath, reſign'd her own.
Jacob with ſilent Moan for *Rachel* griev'd:
But her ſurviving Progeny reliev'd
Th' oppreſſive Load; chiefly her elder Son:
In him each Feature, and all *Rachel* ſhone.
To whoſe External Beauties Heav'n had join'd
The brighter Graces of a Virtuous Mind;
Hence 'twas his Pleaſure to behold the Lad
In coſtly Veſture ſplendidly array'd.
Theſe juſt Attractives of the *Father*'s Love
The angry *Brothers* did to Envy move.
Each Grace that help'd to make the *Youth* compleat,
Expos'd the *Rival* ſtill to fiercer Hate.
But Heav'n the graceful Innocent eſpous'd;
And in bright Dreams, his calmer Thoughts amus'd:

How,

How, in approaching Years, he ſhould be free
From all their Hate, their baffled Rancour ſee:
That he ſhould all his Brethrens Wiles defeat;
And, for their preſent *Rage*, their future *Homage* meet.

Which to the gentle Youth (his *Limbs* compos'd
To balmy Reſt) th' Almighty thus diſclos'd:
A ſmiling Harveſt, bright with golden Hew
Of rip'ned Grain, lie open to his View.
Cloſe by his Side, his girded Brothers ſtand;
Each with a crooked Sickle in his Hand.
They reap, they bind in Sheaves the nodding Grain;
When gently roſe, erect upon the Plain,
The bundled Store; and, with Submiſſive Head,
To *Joſeph*'s Sheaf, each Sheaf Obeiſance made.

Whilſt freſh upon his Mind the Viſion dwells,
His Brethren he its ill-tim'd Subſtance tells.

Coldly

Coldly they lend an Ear: till, with Concern,
Themſelves included in his Dream they learn.
When they, with ready Will to take Offence,
In theſe rough Terms upbraid his Innocence:
'What? Will the Thirſt of thy aſpiring Mind,
'Save in our Homage, no Abatement find?
'Inſatiate Boy! And does thy fond Conceit
'Affect, in our Subjection to be great?

Again the Preſence of the Heav'nly Gueſt
Warms with a ſecond Dream his youthful Breaſt.
This too, unmindful of their Hate, he bears
To his invidious Brothers jealous Ears.
Which to the Youth, that Hour, had fatal prov'd:
But *Jacob*'s Preſence guarded his Belov'd,
And aw'd their Malice; whilſt he did diſcloſe
The dark Suggeſtion of his late Repoſe:
'Laſt Ev'ning, whilſt deep Slumbers clos'd my [Eyes,
'My Fancy wing'd me 'bove the azure Skies;

'Where the gay *Sun*, in dazling Luſtre, bright;
'The Silver *Moon*, proud of her borrow'd Light,
'And rolling *Planets* meet my buſie Sight.
'Whilſt all around, on their unequal Rays
'Feeding my raviſh'd Eyes, I wond'ring gaze;
'The glorious *Sun* (as if by Heav'ns Decree)
'With his contracted Beams bow'd down to Me;
'The *Moon* and *Stars*, by ſuch Example ſway'd,
'A like Submiſſion, low Obeiſance made.

Jacob the ſolemn Tale, with ſage *Regard*,
Under the Shew of wiſe *Indifference*, heard;
And ſaid (officious *Envy* to diſarm,
And break the Pow'r of her malignant Charm)
'Forbear, my Son, nor idly entertain
'The roving Phantoms of thy giddy Brain.
'Shall I (to countenance the vain Conceit)
'A Father's juſt Prerogative forget:
'Become a Suppliant, and embrace thy Feet?

‘ From Realms of Light ſhall happy *Rachel* ſtray,
‘ Reſume new Life, and to Thee Homage pay?
‘ Thy *Brothers*, conſcious of precedent Birth,
‘ Shall they bow down to thee, and kiſs the Earth?
‘ As yet demands thy Youth to be adviſ'd,
‘ How *Fancy*, under Form of Truth diſguiſ'd,
‘ With thouſand Fictions crowds the waking Head,
‘ Whilſt *Reaſon* ſleeps; and governs in her ſtead?
‘ Such fond Illuſions of the Night forget,
‘ And baniſh from thy Breaſt the vain Conceit.

Thus warily the *Patriarch* aſſay'd
To ſcreen from *Envy*'s Ray his *Joſeph*'s Head.
But his fierce Sons already had too deep
Her Poiſon ſuck'd, to let the *Fury* ſleep.
Of *Jacob*'s Preſence freed, in cloſe Debate,
To cruſh their hated *Rival*, they were ſate;

When

When *Asher* foremost in the Consult rose,
And said: 'Believe me, Sirs, too pow'rful grows
'*Joseph*, the loath'd Invader of our Rest,
'To be by gentle Methods e'er suppress'd.
'Perceive we not to what a tow'ring Height
'He, bold in *Jacob*'s Fondness, takes his Flight?
'Giddy with Pride he insolently claims [*Dreams.*
'Our Homage, and supports the Fraud with
'O, would our easie Sire, for once, be wise;
'And view th' Impostor with impartial Eyes!
'This Day, the first of his aspiring Reign,
'Should, with his Bood, his dawning Lustre stain.
'But tho', alas! too just is our Despair;
'Tho' he continues still his Father's Care;
'Let us, howe'er, all Artifices try
'T' allay his Favours tow'rds th' aspiring Boy.
'And, whilst he hopes to grow, by Fiction, Great;
'Let us, by Fiction, all his Hopes defeat.

Reuben

Reuben, attentive to their warm Diſcourſe,
Saw all their Malice with a juſt Remorſe;
And ſtrove, by gentler Councels, to aſſwage
The Fervors of their too conſpicuous Rage:——
'Not that wiſe *Aſher*'s Warmths I diſapprove
'Gainſt *Joſeph*'s Pride, or *Jacob*'s partial Love:
'(Homage is ſurely *Jacob*'s Right alone;
'And ſuch Reſpects will, one Day, be our own)
'Yet fain I would endeavour to compoſe
'Th'unhappy Strife; and ſmooth your angry Brows.
'Weigh well the Cauſe, and 'twill too light appear,
'To juſtifie your Vengeance, or your Fear.
'A Giddy *Boy*, by a fond Sire careſs'd,
'Has rais'd this angry Tumult in your Breaſt!
'But he grows *Inſolent*——would you chaſtiſe
'His Inſolence, his Inſolence deſpiſe.
'When to maturer Age advanc'd, you'll find
'The *Boy* more modeſt, or his *Sire* leſs kind:

'To

'To whom the Vice of his gay Youth before,
'Will then ſuſpected grow, and pleaſe no more.
'Or grant Ambition, with his Years, improv'd;
'The *Man* by *Jacob*, as the *Boy*, belov'd:
'Twill then be glorious to chaſtiſe the *Foe*:
'A Triumph, now far greater to forego.

But *Simeon*, with the keeneſt Hatred mov'd,
All ſoft and gentle Methods diſapprov'd:
And ſaid: 'T'attack aſpiring *Fraud* with *Lies*,
'Were to indulge the Vice, we ſhould chaſtiſe;
'And, to attend Ambition's *later Growth*,
'A needleſs *Patience*, and imprudent *Sloth*.
'Quick our Reſentments to Redreſs ſhould move.
'*Suſpence* as irkſom is in *Hate*, as *Love*.
'Tis my Advice, that *early* we deſtroy,
'And cruſh the *full-grown Rival*, in the *Boy*.

Inſpir'd.

Inſpir'd with Rage, too like his own, the reſt
Approve the Ardours of fierce *Simeon*'s Breaſt;
Vow to their Brother's Peace perpetual Hate:
Pronounce his Sentence, and reſolve his Fate.

Ere many Suns, in Orient Luſtre bright,
Had chac'd to Weſtern Seas the ſable Night;
It chanc'd, as far abroad his Brothers keep
Their Father's Wealth, his bleating Folds of Sheep;
That to enquire their Welfare *Joſeph* went,
(Ill-fated Meſſage!) by good *Jacob* ſent.
But whilſt with weary Steps, in unknown Ways,
Uncertain whether Path to take, he ſtrays;
A Reverend Form (his Robes, his Feet untouch'd
By earthy Soil) the doubting Youth approach'd;
And ask'd, if Chance or Buſineſs thither led
His lonely Steps? To him thus *Joſeph* ſaid:

'By Love, and Duty mov'd, 'tis my Concern
'To see my Brethren, and their Welfare learn.
'Their Flocks in *Shechem*'s distant Pastures stray,
The Stranger said: 'To *Dothan* lies your Way,
'Would you your Journey not in vain pursue.
'For as, last Ev'ning, in the falling Dew,
'I by your Brothers pass'd, 'twas then agreed,
'This Day, their Flocks should in fresh *Dothan* [feed.
'When yonder Hill you've gain'd, direct your Eye
'On the Right Hand, the City you'll descry.

Joseph th' Advice determines to obey,
Thanks his Informer, and pursues his Way.
At length, (the arduous Mount obtain'd) from far
In his glad View, gay *Dothan*'s Plains appear.
The welcome Sight recruited Strength bestows
And forward, on the Mark intent, he goes.

But, them approaching, with diſdaining Eyes,
The ſpiteful Clan the tender Youth deſcries:
And quick, in Terms that might their Hate provoke
To dire Reſolves of Ill, they Silence broke:
" Behold the *Dreamer*! In his gawdy Plumes,
" From *Jacob*'s partial Arms the *Fondling* comes.
" Is this the *Monarch*, that our Homage claims,
" And builds a *Throne* upon fallacious *Dreams*?
" Muſt we to puny *Joſeph* bend the Knee;
" With Forehead prone ſalute his *Majeſty*?
" He dreams indeed: But we divine more ſure,
" And in eternal *Slumbers* will his *Phrenſie* cure.

Not far, a Chaſm, with hideous Yawn, they ſpy;
That ſtrait ſuggeſts their Brother's Deſtiny.
Horror and Dread the ghaſtly Entrance keep,
Dark as their Councels; as their Malice, deep.

Here they resolve the guiltless Youth to leave;
And make the Cavern's noisom Depth his Grave.
Encourag'd thus with Force of boundless Hate,
They deem themselves an Over-match for Fate.

Soon as the destin'd Youth had reach'd the Place
Of their dire Consult, they with feign'd Embrace
His Message take; and grasp th' unwary Boy:
As meeting Friends, they feign an eager Joy:
By such Device the surer to destroy.

Frowning at length, with undissembled Rage,
Gad foremost does the tender Youth engage:
Fierce *Gad*, First-born of servile *Zilpah*'s Race,
Gall'd with Remembrance of a just Disgrace,
That from his late defeated Malice sprung;
Thus vents th' opprobrious Poison of his Tongue.

‘ Thinks then the doating *Jacob*'s Age, that we
‘ Cannot discern 'twixt *Love* and *Jealousie*?
‘ When, with the Semblance of Paternal Care,
‘ He greets Us by so sly a Messenger
‘ As thee; whose early Love of Strife does shew,
‘ Under a *Brother* couch'd, a growing *Foe*?
‘ Thy late malicious Calumnies presage
‘ The weightier Mischiefs of thy riper Age.
‘ In *Jacob*'s Breast, the angry Tumult, rais'd
‘ By thy Suggestions, is not yet appeas'd.
‘ He with unseemly Jealousie proceeds
‘ T'appoint thee Arbitrator of our Deeds.
‘ And small must our Discretion be, I grant,
‘ Should our Deportment thy Inspection want.
‘ Yet of his *Joseph* he so fond is grown,
‘ He scarce believes he has another Son.
‘ Our Words, like Feathers cast into the Wind,
‘ With him, nor Weight, nor least Regard can find:

‘ Dropp'd

'Dropp'd from your Lips, whate'er his Fondneſs [hears,
'The Weight of Gold, and Value too it bears.
'Tho' with his partial *Fondneſs* we diſpenſe;
'Know we'll chaſtiſe thy beardleſs *Inſolence*.

To this, concern'd, but with a comely Grace,
Reply'd the Glory of fam'd *Jacob*'s Race;
'Tho' me no gentler Uſage you'll allow:
'Other Regards you, ſure, to *Jacob* owe, [throw.
'Than theſe opprobrious Terms, on him you
'If in your erring Thought he ſeems to doat,
'Tis for vouchſafing (what I merit not)
'To me Diſtinction of his Favours: hence
'Spring my objected Crimes, and his Offence.
'And, to compleat my Wrongs, on me you've [thrown
'The Charge of Guilt and Crimes to me unknown.
'Were I engag'd in any baſe Deſign,
'Conſcience of Guilt had taught me to decline

‘ Your Preſence; and not thus my ſelf expoſe,
‘ Unguarded, to the Rage of injur'd Foes.

But *Aſher*'s equal Prejudice purſu'd;
And thus the arbitrary Charge renew'd:

‘ Deſigning Miſcreant, theſe are all Pretence,
‘ Study'd Evaſions, and feign'd Innocence.
‘ Such Subtilty your real Guilt diſplays;
‘ And what you mean ſhould ſhelter you, betrays.
‘ Boldneſs from Miſchief ſprings. Back'd with the [Senſe
‘ Of *Jacob*'s partial Love, with ſly Pretence,
‘ Your baſe Hypocriſie is hither come,
‘ To bear new Matter of Diſſention home.
‘ Thou Fruit of *Rachel*'s long deſponding Rage;
‘ Whoſe wild Impatience did thy own preſage,
‘ (Give me, ſaid ſhe, or I will ceaſe to live,
‘ A Son; and my departing Soul reprieve)

'Thou, First-born of her clamorous Desire,
'Do'st to Precedency of all aspire.
'Shall we forget, when late together we
'Tended our Flocks, and made light Sport of thee;
'What peevish Nonsense thou, to *Jacob*'s Ear,
'Didst of Oppression, and feign'd Mischiefs bear,
'The childish Story took: or, had it fail'd,
'Thou hadst by other little Arts prevail'd;
'Nor lorded it o'er his fond Age, alone:
'To do thee Homage, lately rose the Sun,
'And Moon, and Stars; and to thy Sheaf, our [Sheaves
'Made low Obeisance. He (kind Man!) believes
'All that thy Pride suggests.——
'It's true, he once such Arrogance did blame:
'But how should he thy wild Ambition tame,
'Whose easy Faith's your Sport? To end Dispute,
'On thee we're now resolv'd to execute

' The Juſtice due to *Birth*: perverted Laws;
' And, in our own, t'avenge a Father's Cauſe.

To him thus *Joſeph*: ' Who for Vengeance [ſtands
' Wreſts the high Pow'r from Heav'ns vindictive [Hands,
' And counteracts the Part, that God commands.
' Vengeance to Him belongs, who made us all;
' And only does upon the Guilty fall.
' I from the Guilt of this Reproach am free.
' Yet, were I not, how can you puniſh me,
' Without Injuſtice; till Commiſſion giv'n,
' Or from dread *Jacob*'s, or the Voice of Heav'n?
' Till then ſurceaſe your Charge, leſt you pluck
' Thoſe Ills, for me contriv'd, upon your own [down
' Obnoxious Heads, and unrelenting Hearts,
' Too ſure a Mark for Heav'ns unerring Darts.
' If firſt I ſtand in *Jacob*'s valu'd Grace,
' 'Tis to his Bounty I aſcribe my Place;

' I

'I claim it not to any Merit due
'Of mine; nor see th'Injustice offer'd you.
'For tho' Distinction is to *Birth* assign'd
'Precedency in *Love* is unconfin'd.
'Let our dread Father's great Example prove,
'The last in Birth not always last, in Love.
'He the Prime Blessing gain'd, by Heav'ns Decree;
'And surely *Heav'n* is from Injustice free!
'Nor will you prove our Reverend Sire unjust
'In the Discharge of his Paternal Trust.
'Lord of himself he the Distinction made
'Twixt her he *lov'd*, and whom he first did *Wed*.
'*Rachel*, the prime, best Object of his Aim,
'Was first, and only Mistress of his Flame.
'Such was the Passion, which to her he bare,
'That twice sev'n Winters Toil, sustain'd for her,
'Seem'd over-pay'd, when she, the lovely Dame
'(A glorious Prize!) to his Embraces came.

'I

'I the firſt Offspring of this Pair was giv'n,
'A Bleſſing (ſo they thought Me) ſent by Heav'n.
'And can it then Injuſtice ſeem, that he
'Should prize the Fruit, ſince ſo he lov'd the Tree?
'The lovely *Rachel* he had firſt eſpous'd,
'Had *Laban*, faithleſs *Laban!* not abus'd
'His Sev'n Years Patience with that ſubtle Wrong;
'Whence from his fruitful Loins you foremoſt ſprung.

This touch'd their Pride, and Rage's quickeſt Senſe
Baulk'd, and upbraided in the ſame Defence.
Full well their Father's Hiſtory they knew;
His baffled Hopes to *Laban*'s Falſhood due:
How *Leah* was to his deluded Arms
Preferr'd, inſtead of *Rachel*'s lovelier Charms:
How nat'rally the fondeſt Paſſions move
T'wards ſuch, who ſpring from her whom moſt we love;

That *Jacob* muſt his choiceſt Favours place
On the true Image of lov'd *Rachel*'s Face.
Beſides, his Perſon was the meaneſt Part
That might engage their gentle Father's Heart:
His Beauty was to ſo much Goodneſs join'd,
'Twas but the Foil to his much purer Mind.

But whilſt their Thoughts do on this Subject dwell,
Their Boſoms with a keener Hatred ſwell.
For *Envy* does on Contradictions riſe;
She values only thoſe, ſhe can deſpiſe:
But ever does her baſeſt Arts employ,
Virtue to cruſh, and Innocence deſtroy:
To Conſcience deaf, and to Right Reaſon blind;
Moſt, to the Breaſt that harbours her, unkind.
How happy elſe might *Jacob*'s Sons have been,
To Merit thus ſuperlative, akin:

Inſtead

Instead of listning to that haggard Fiend,
Had they but to the Brother join'd the Friend.

Recov'ring now from Nature's gentler Force,
Superior Malice shapes her steady Course
To *Joseph*'s Ruin. On the tender Lad,
In the rich Pledge of *Jacob*'s Love array'd,
Casting their impious Hands: "Off, off, they cry'd,
"These gawdy Emblems of their Owners Pride!
"Prepare to meet thy Fate from injur'd Hands.
"Death on our just Resolves attending stands.
"Nature already has prepar'd thy Grave,
"In the dark Space of yonder gloomy Cave.

The Youth already half resign'd his Breath,
Scar'd at the noisie Menaces of Death:
His graceful Cheeks their rosie Lustre flies,
With these his paler Lips do sympathise;
And both are bath'd in Torrents from his Eyes.

'Since you from chearful Light have doom'd me [hence,
'No more, he cries, I plead my Innocence:
'But on your own Humanity rely;
'Which sure's too great to see a *Brother* dye.
'Weak, and defenceless hither am I come,
'From *Jacob*'s Arms, and from a peaceful Home;
'Thro' Fears, thro' Dangers, and the Salvage
'Of Beasts, t' enquire your Health and learn your [Haunts
'Save of wild Beasts, no Fears I understood: [Wants.
'For none but they, I thought, would seek my [Blood.
'Let me entreat: Since spar'd by Beasts of Prey,
'You'd be as kind, as merciful as they.
'Or if my Suit cannot your Pity move,
'Spare him, you hate, for sake of him, you love.
'Our hoary Sire (howe'er unworthy I,)
'Will mourn my unexpected Destiny.
'Proportion'd to his Love will be his Moan:
'And, in my Death, perhaps he'll find his own.

Simeon,

Simeon, and *Levi*, from his Suit averſe
Bloody as Tygers, and as Lions fierce,
Oppos'd the moving Progreſs of his Tongue.
Urging, already they'd defer'd too long
The Execution of their fix'd Deſign,
They bid the tender Youth himſelf reſign,
By quick Submiſſion, to their firſt Decree;
From which nor Cries, nor Tears ſhould ſet him [free.

To them the paſſive Innocent addreſs'd
Himſelf, in Terms admoniſhing the reſt:
'Tho' my Entreaties want the Pow'r to ſave
'Me from your Rage, and an untimely Grave;
'Kind *Providence* has yet more open Ears,
'Your Fury can defeat; and cure my Fears.
'And, tho' condemn'd, if without Heav'ns juſt [Leave,
'Snatch'd from your Bloody Purpoſe, I ſhall live.

The

The pious *Reuben*, who revolving ſtood,
How to prevent their Crime, and ſave his Blood;
Their Hate obſerving into Fury grown,
To ſave his Life reſolv'd, or loſe his own.
But firſt, by Stratagem, he did aſſay
To reſcue him from Death, a gentler Way.
'Murder, he cries, betrays a Brutiſh Force;
'And on the guilty brings an heavy Curſe.
'We injure moſt our ſelves, ſhould we deſtroy,
'With our polluted Hands, this hated Boy:
'Let him alive into the Pit deſcend;
'And *Fate* will there his ling'ring Sorrows end.

Pleas'd with Conceit of this improv'd Revenge,
Their former Purpoſe they agree to change;
And (as in Concert they had late deſign'd)
Regardleſs of his Tears, his Limbs they bind.

Whilſt

Whilſt galling Cords his youthful Nerves extend,
He does, by ſlow Degrees, into the Pit deſcend.
Reuben, the while, averſe to theſe Extremes,
To ſave his Brother's Life, projects the Means:
Which to effect ſecurely; from their View,
With feign'd Pretext of Buſ'neſs, he withdrew.

But, oh! what deeper Thoughts of Woe moleſt,
Brave Youth, the wonted Quiet of thy Breaſt:
In Earth's dark Bowels left, in vain, to groan;
Of Counſel hopeleſs, helpleſs, and alone!
Or if one flatt'ring Moment, from Deſpair
Step in, to looſe the Burden of thy Care:
What Hope, alas! to thy Redreſs can move?
Horror below, and *Envy* reigns above.

Their Hate thus glutted, with triumphant Joy
The Victors feaſt, and curſe the Rival Boy.

Fearleſs

Fearleſs of Vengeance they with Scorn think on
The doating *Father*, and the dreaming *Son*.
When, lo! from far a Caravan they ſpy;
On Camles, laden with rich Spicery,
Merchants for *Egypt* bound; fraught with the Spoil
Of od'rous *Gilead*, and bleſs'd *Sheba*'s Soil.
O Providential Hour! ordain'd to ſave
The fainting *Joſeph* from th' untimely Grave:
And, from impending Slaughter, to convey
To *Strangers* gentler Hands the injur'd Boy.

Judah, to milder Councels now inclin'd,
Projects to free him from the Fate deſign'd;
Who thus the fated Fratricides beſpake;
'May I perſuade, yet other Methods take,
'Than force our *Brother* here, to hungry Death,
'In tedious Conflict, to reſign his Breath.
'Come, be advis'd, let us exchange his Doom:
'Sell him to th' *Iſhmalites* that hither come.

'The hated Youth they far will bear away;
'And him, for ever, from our Sight convey.
'Whence we the double Benefit obtain;
'To loſe a *Foe*, and fill our Hands with *Gain*.

Scarce he had ended, e're each one aſſents,
Won by the two prevailing Arguments,
Revenge and *Profit*. Now they graſp the Rope,
Late for his Death employ'd; and hale him up.
Reſtor'd to Light his proſtrate Thanks he gives
For the new Life, he from their Hands receives.
Whilſt they th' approaching *Iſhmaelites* invite,
To bear their hated Rival from their Sight:
'To *Egypt*, if we err not, lies your Way:
'Thither if bound, you ſhall this Lad convey.
'Comely his Features; and their only Fault
'Is, that they do his *Mind* too high exalt.

'Of

'Of him an eaſie Purchaſe you ſhall have [Slave.
'Be the proud Boy, on your own Terms, your
The Youth ſo fair, ſo eaſie their Demand;
The quick conſenting Merchants, out of hand,
Content his Foes; and bear the comely Prize
Safe from their guilty, and remorſeleſs Eyes.

The patient *Captive*, who had ſilent ſtood,
Whilſt their inhuman Purpoſe they purſu'd;
Departing, left with them his laſt *Adieu*:
'More for our gentle *Sire* concern'd, and *You*,
'Than for *my ſelf*, I now to Bondage go.
'My *Loſs* He will with pious Tears reſent;
'And much I fear, 'twill prove your *Puniſhment*.
'In the Diſaſter, whatſoever Share
'To me's aſſign'd, I with Submiſſion bear.
'Farewel! And if you can this *Deed* relate;
'To *Jacob*, with my *Duty*, bear my *Fate*.

But conſcious they, how *Jacob*'s tender Ear
Would the harſh Sound of ſuch a Meſſage bear;
Reſolve a darker, a remoter Way,
The Hints of *Joſeph*'s Ruin to convey.
The coſtly *Pledge* of *Jacob*'s Love they tear,
The *Broider'd Coat*, his *Fav'rite* us'd to wear;
And with *Kids* Blood the tatter'd Remnants [ſmear:
That with feign'd Tales they may their *Father* [cheat,
And charge leſs cruel Beaſts with *Joſeph*'s Fate.

Soon in good *Jacob*'s Way themſelves they place;
And to his ſtartled Eyes, with feign'd Amaze,
And with fallacious Tears, the Coat they ſhew;
And cry: 'Forbid it, Heav'n, our Fears be true!
'But, as we homeward mov'd, this Coat we [found;
'Thus ſmear'd, thus rent, and ſcatter'd o'er the [Ground.
'Too like (the more to fix our boading Fear)
'The comely *Pledge*, thy *Joſeph* us'd to wear.

With

With Grief o'er-charg'd, with wild Amaze-
[ment ſeiz'd,
The trembling *Patriarch* on the Veſtment gaz'd.
Too much his Eyes the mournful Witneſs own,
To doubt the Fate of his unhappy Son.
At length the Struglings of his high-ſwoln Heart,
In Sounds of eager Grief, themſelves exert:——
'*Ill-boading Veſt!* that doſt the Tidings bear
'Of Woe; which lateſt I would wiſh to hear.
'In thy torn Shreds, thy Luſtre ſtain'd with
[Blood;
'Too ſure, thy *Owner*'s Fate is underſtood.
'The cruel Jaws of ſome devouring Beaſt
'Have robb'd my Son of Life, and me of Reſt.
'Oh, *Joſeph!* ſweeter than the morning Roſe,
[diſcloſe:
'Bright as the Charms, its op'ning Leaves
'Gentle as Innocence, with ev'ry Grace
'Adorn'd, that happy Mortal could poſſeſs,
'Alas! where's all thy *promis'd Greatneſs* now?
'Who ſhall Obeiſance pay, and to Thee bow?

'Was it for this thy *Mother* Thee implor'd
'Of *Heav'n*, to be by *hungry Beaſts* devour'd?
'For this, Thou wer't ſo late a Bleſſing giv'n
'To me, ſo ſoon to be revok'd by Heav'n?
'Oh! that thy *Father* had thy Place ſupply'd;
'Bled thro' thy Wounds, and in thine Anguiſh [dy'd!
'Their hungry Rage would ſcarce anticipate
'The ſwift Approach of my expected Fate.
'But ſince, alas! t'encreaſe th' oppreſſive Load
'Of all my Woes, juſt *Heav'n* has deem'd it good,
'I ſhould my *Joſeph*'s mournful Fate ſurvive,
'A Stranger to Earth's valu'd Sweets I'll live:
'Till me my laſt, moſt welcome Hour befriend;
'And, with departed Life, my Sorrows end.

This ſaid, the weeping *Sire* his Garments rent;
And drooping, clad in mournful Sackcloth, went.

His

His guilty Sons endeavour to divert
His ſettled Grief, and eaſe his lab'ring Heart.
But all in vain: too ranc'rous is the Sore,
For Lenitives to heal, or Balms reſtore.
'No, to the Grave, he cries, I'll mourning go.
'Nought in this Life avails to eaſe my Woe.

Whilſt thus his hapleſs Son the *Patriarch* mourns,
Glad *Reuben* to the fatal *Pit* returns
Alone, his generous Project to compleat,
And render *Joſeph* to his former State,
In *Jacob*'s eager, and encircling Arms;
Dearer, for having ſcap'd impending Harms.
But, oh deluded Hope! No *Joſeph* near:
Nought in the Pit, but Steams of putid Air.
No kind Return to *Reuben*'s anxious Voice,
But its own Sound, confus'd with empty Noiſe.

With Sorrow ſtunn'd, awhile he lifeleſs ſtood;
His Heart drew back its wonted Aids of Blood:
Dread and Affright in his pale Looks appear:
His Limbs refuſe th'accuſtom'd Weight to bear.
Sunk to the Ground, he ſtruggles to exert [Heart.
The poor Remains of Life, and free his lab'ring
Recov'ring, on the Earth himſelf he turns;
And, with recruited Strength, afreſh he mourns.
Again his Cries the gloomy Cavern tear,
But no Reply meets his attentive Ear.
When he, with Sighs, and broken Accents, ſaid;
'*Unhappy Youth*, to many Fates betray'd,
'Wert Thou below, thou'dſt to my Call reply.
'Breathleſs already, ſure, thou canſt not lye.
'Thy more than common Penetration knows,
'Tis not in *Reuben* to inſult thy Woes.——
'Whither, ah! whither, ſhall I wretched fly,
'To trace the Footſteps of the hapleſs *Boy!*

'Yet

'Yet ceaſe, my Fears: perhaps their *fated Scorn*
'Has to his Sorrows giv'n a happier Turn
'Than you ſuggeſt; and now their calmer Mind
'Has the good Office done, my ſelf deſign'd.—
'Too kind *Illuſion!* how can they, but ill
'Have treated *him*; whom late they ſtrove to kill!
'Too ſure, their reeking Malice has convey'd
'Him hence; and to ſome other Death betray'd.—
'Why was I abſent? Why did I not chuſe
'To ſtay; and boldly all their Rage oppoſe?
'So good a *Cauſe* would ſcarce ſucceſsleſs prove,
'Back'd with th' Alliance of ſuperior *Love*.
'Or had it fail'd, the worſt I then had known:
'But now ſucceſſive Doubts preſs me ſtill heavier [down.
'One poor Reſerve my tortur'd Senſes find,
'To cure theſe ſad Diſorders of my Mind:
'From this *Diſaſtrous Place*, I'll home repair;
'My Griefs for *Joſeph*'s Wrongs to *Jacob* bear;
'Whereof, too ſure, he'll claim a *Father*'s Share.

‘ My Tears with his, in blended Streams, ſhall flow.
‘ If not our *Loſs*, equal ſhall be our *Woe*.
‘ With mutual Plaints we'll eaſe each others Moan,
‘ While I a *Brother* weep, and he a *Son*.

THE

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F. Boitard del.
B. Q.

E. Kirkall, sculp.

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THE HISTORY OF JOSEPH.

BOOK II.

The ARGUMENT.

The Merchants carry Joseph *to* Egypt. *He is sold to* Potiphar, Pharoah's *Chief Officer. He bewails the Loss of his* Country. *Is kindly treated, and esteem'd by his* Master. *His* Mistress's *secret Passion for him. She enquires into his* Birth *and* Family. Joseph's *Relation of those Matters. The Mistress discovers her Passion to* Joseph; *and is rejected by him. Her Contrivance to bring him to her Purpose. In her last Attempt,* Joseph *leaves his Robe in her Hands, and escapes. His Mistress's Behaviour on that Occasion.* Potiphar's *Jealousie, and Resentment.* Joseph *is committed to Prison. The* Jailor's *Kindness to Him. His Behaviour in the Trust committed to him by the Jailor. He interprets the two Dreams of* Pharoah's *chief* Butler *and* Baker.

Mean

MEAN time, the *Midianites* their Way
purſue.
And now they near the Walls of
Memphis drew.
Where ent'ring (proud of the rich Prize they
[bear)
The beauteous *Hebrew* they to *Potiphar*,
Firſt Leader of Great *Pharaoh*'s Guards, prefer.
Th' *Egyptian Chief*, as He before him ſtood,
His graceful Mein, with ſilent Wonder, view'd.
Faded his Aſpect: Yet ſo ſweet the while,
As if in him ev'n Sorrow learn'd to ſmile.
His ſmooth, and roſie Cheeks a paler Dye
From Grief had borrow'd; and his ſparkling Eye,

(Once

(Once in his *Mother*'s radiant Luſtre, bright)
Now languiſhing, reflects a ſofter Light.
Such whilſt the *Chief* beholds him, pleas'd a Slave,
Of that uncommon Excellence to have;
To th' utmoſt Length of their Demands he gives,
And from their Hands the comely *Youth* receives.

In this afflicted State, thy Freedom loſt,
And in th' uncertain Waves of Sorrow toſs'd;
(Unhappy *Youth*) when to thy harraſs'd Mind
Thy *Father*, *Friends*, and *Country* left behind,
Occurr'd, how didſt Thou thy ill Fate lament,
And in what Language give thy Sorrows Vent?

'Alas! he cries, how will good *Jacob*'s Ear
'The ſudden Loſs of his lov'd *Joſeph* bear?
'Or what Device my cruel *Brothers* find,
'To veil their *Guilt*, and ſooth his anxious *Mind*?

'*He*

'*He* now, perhaps my vainly fancy'd *Death*
'Lamenting, waſtes in fruitleſs Sighs his Breath:
'Whilſt *they* behold him with unpitying Eyes;
'Nor of my Safety, nor my State adviſe.
'*'Twould* to his Grief be ſome Allay, to find,
'I had not yet this wretched Life reſign'd.
'Oh, *Iſrael*! witneſs that *Bleſs'd Pow'r* above,
'How much thy Griefs for me my own improve.
'How will my doubtful State thy Peace controul,
'And with th' unweildly Load oppreſs thy Soul!
'Oh! could th' Advice to thy bleſs'd Ears arrive,
'That thy loſt Son does yet his Fate ſurvive;
'Thy ſuppliant Hands, ne'er upward held in vain,
'Would Bleſſings for thy Living Son obtain.
'But do not thou, *My God*, forbear to ſhed
'Thy Gracious Influence on my Orphan Head!
'Abandon not thy Servant: But to me,
'Be thou a *Father*, thou a *Saviour* be!

Nor

Nor did that bounteous *God* to whom his [Pray'r
The Captive made, avert a gracious Ear,
Or ſlow to his implor'd Relief appear.
By whoſe auſpicious Influence, aſide
The *Patron* lays his rough *Egyptian* Pride.
From conſcious Greatneſs, he deſcends to ſhew,
And own Regard, to the young Captive due;
Under whoſe Care, he finds his Wealth increas'd;
And all he undertakes, divinely bleſs'd.
To whom he common Uſe of all allow'd,
That bounteous *Heav'n* had, for his ſake, beſtow'd.
Servant and *Lord*, without Diſtinction, ſhare.
Only th' Appendage of *Domeſtic Care*
Is *Joſeph*'s Province; by his *Maſter* thought
Fitteſt t'employ that *Plenty*, which he brought.

But his *Fair Partner* diff'rent Paſſions move.
In him 'tis *Friendſhip*, but in her 'tis *Love*.

He

He, all the ſhining Graces of his Youth;
His ſolid Wiſdom, Innocence, and Truth,
Beholds, with thankful, and impartial Eyes;
Whilſt her raſh Fondneſs hidden Charms deſcries:
And her unguarded Breaſt admits the Fire;
That, by Degrees, gives Birth to looſe Deſire.
No gay Delight her ſobbing Heart relieves,
But what her *Joſeph*'s welcome Preſence gives.
Induſtriouſly ſhe wanders in his Way:
Starts at his Sight: but, to contrive his Stay,
In prompt Diſcourſe the fleeting Minutes ſpends;
Enquires his *Parentage*, his *Country*, *Friends*:
What *Chance*, or rather bounteous *Fate* had [thrown
His ſhining Merit, on a Land unknown?
And what Benign *Divinity* had choſe
T'enrich, with his wiſe Providence, her Houſe?

Joſeph t'avert her laviſh'd Praiſes ſtrove.
But takes for Friendſhip, what in her was Love.

And

And ſaid: 'Bright Lady, ſince your gentle Ear
'Demands your Slave's diſaſtrous Fates to hear;
'My Duty ſhall attempt the Task enjoin'd.
'Altho' the Story bring into my Mind
'A much lov'd *Sire*, and *Country*, left behind.
'*Canaan* my native Land; my Father's Name
'Is *Jacob*; third from Righteous *Abraham*:
'Upright, amidſt a crooked Nation, found;
'For ſteady, and *Heroic Faith* renown'd.
'To whom *Heav'n's* Majeſty did oft reveal,
'In a familiar Intercourſe, his Will:
'Call'd him from Home; and, to reward his Toil,
'Decreed his Reſt, in *Canaan*'s happy Soil.
'Promis'd him *Iſſue*; that, in future Years
'Should vie, for Numbers, with the Starry [Spheres.
'Mongſt whom, a *Glorious Ruler* ſhould ſpring
'In proper Seaſon; whoſe auſpicious *Birth* [forth,
'Should, with new Bleſſings crown the joyful [Earth.

'Long time, with reſtleſs Feet, thro' Lands [unknown
'Loaded with Wealth, he wander'd; but a *Son*
'That Wealth t' inherit, wanted: 'Till from [Heav'n
'A joyful *Heir*, by Miracle, was giv'n.
'Whilſt, far advanc'd in their Decline of Life,
'The *Patriarch*, and his unfruitful *Wife*
'Their want of Iſſue mourn; th' *Almighty* down
'This Meſſage ſent, from the Celeſtial Throne:
'That now approach'd the Time, ordain'd to bleſs
'Their ardent Wiſhes with unhop'd Increaſe;
'And make them happy in a *Son*, deſign'd
'The Pledge of richer Bleſſings, yet behind.

'Nine rowling Moons, from that auſpicious [Date,
'I' th' promis'd *Offspring*, made their Hopes [complete.
'But Heav'n (ere yet the callow Down began
'T' o'erſpread his roſie Cheeks, and write him [Man)

'The

' The tender *Youth* of the fond Sire demands
' A *Sacrifice*, from his Religious Hands.

' With ready Duty, and unfeign'd Regard,
' The grateful *Patriarch* himself prepar'd
' T'obey the Mandate of the Heav'nly Pow'r,
' And to his Hand the valu'd *Gift* restore.
' (The Victim on the Altar bound,) he took
' The Knife, prepar'd to give the fatal Stroke:
' When, from on high dispatch'd, the pointed [Blade
' An *Angel* stopp'd, and to the *Patriarch* said:
' Refrain thy bloodless Hand. The Deed design'd
' Is far more grateful to th' *Eternal Mind*
' Than if perform'd; that does *Obedience* prize
' 'Bove formal *Rites*, and costly *Sacrifice*.
' Since to thy God thou hast this Honour done,
' And not with-held thy Son, thine only Son!

' To my Commiſſion turn thy happy Ear,
' Bleſs'd above Mortals: By my ſelf I ſwear,
' Says the Great God, that ſtretch'd the Heavens [forth;
' And out of *Nothing* call'd the ſpacious Earth;
' Since, againſt Hope, thy prompt Obedience [choſe
' To yield the ſole Dependance of thy Houſe:
' 'Tis by thy Maker ſolemnly decreed,
' His future Favours ſhall thy *Hopes* exceed.
' *Iſaak*, thy Son, whom thine obſequious Mind
' A free Oblation to thy God deſign'd,
' Diſcharg'd from that Obedience, ſhall fulfill,
' In far more happy Inſtances, my Will.
' A mighty Nation, glorious Race of Kings,
' Forth from his Loins, in decent Order, ſprings.
' Sev'n warlike Nations of their Foes, ſubdu'd,
' Shall be on their victorious Arms beſtow'd.
' 'Mongſt theſe, ſucceeding Ages ſhall embrace
' A glorious Ruler, ſtil'd The Prince of Peace:
' Whoſe

‘ Whose bright, whose healing Lustre shall spread [forth
‘ To the remotest Corners of the Earth.
‘ To him, ev'n Kings shall willing Homage pay;
‘ And fartherst Isles his future Laws obey.

‘ (Unhappy Me! to such gay Hopes ally'd;
‘ But the Possession of those Hopes deny'd.
‘ Doom'd from my Kindred far remote to grieve:
‘ My dead Remains, in foreign Earth, to leave.)

‘ His Son restor'd, and by that awful Hand,
‘ That did the solemn Sacrifice demand;
‘ The happy Sire liv'd, in that Son, to see
‘ The Dawnings of a numerous Progeny.
‘ For whom, in after Years, he did provide
‘ The solid Comfort of a virtuous Bride.
‘ The pregnant Dame, Heav'ns proper Choice,
‘ Two Sons, auspicious Blessings, at a Birth. [brought forth

'But ere th' expected Time was fully come,
'The unborn Brothers ſtrugled in her Womb.
'Which thus the Heav'nly Oracle diſclos'd:
'Two rival Nations, in thy Womb oppos'd,
'Shall for Priority of Pow'r contend;
'Which to the Younger is, by Heav'n, ordain'd.
'The Son, whoſe earlier Birth Precedence [claim'd
'Was by his joyful Parents *Eſau* nam'd.
'The latter born, to whom indulgent Heav'n
'The future Pref'rence had already giv'n,
'Was *Jacob*: (From whoſe valu'd Preſence torn,
'Excuſe my Grief, if comfortleſs I mourn.)
'When up to Manhood the Twin Brothers [grew,
'They *Iſaak*'s Grace, by different Ways purſue.
'*Eſau* abroad, intent on rural Sports,
'With th' fav'ry Spoil his feeble Sire ſupports;

' Whilſt *Jacob*, more retir'd, Domeſtick Cares
' His Province makes; and manages Affairs.

[Hour
' But now, on fable Wings, approach'd the
' That muſt the fainting Sire to Heav'n reſtore;
' Who, ere the fatal Slumber clos'd his Eyes,
' The richeſt Bleſſings both of Earth and Skies,
' A wide extended Soil, with kindly Dews
' Impregnate, on his pair of Sons beſtows.
' But to the lateſt Born, (ſo Heav'n injoin'd)
' The long conteſted Preference aſſign'd.

' Thus diſappointed of ſuperior Sway,
' And doom'd his happy Rival to obey;
' *Eſau* contends Heav'ns fix'd Decree to baulk,
' And from his Shoulders break the deſtin'd Yoke:
' Fiercely reſolv'd (his hated Rival ſlain)
' T'aſſert his Right, his Liberty to gain.

' But *Jacob*, the griev'd Parents recommend,
' To the Protection of a wealthy Friend;
' Till Time his Brother's Fury might abate,
' And calmer Thoughts the menac'd Ills defeat.

' Here firſt his youthful Heart to Love betray'd
' The charming Graces of a Beauteous Maid:
' To whom his faithful Conſtancy t'approve,
' And merit (what he valu'd moſt) her Love;
' The dark Suſpence of ſev'n revolving Years,
' Oppreſs'd with Labour, Induſtry, and Cares,
' With wond'rous Patience, for her Sake, he [bears.

' When to his Hopes the joyful Seaſon came,
' Agreed his happy Nuptials to proclaim;
' The ſubtil Father (for the promis'd Bride)
' Her elder Siſter places by his Side:

' Urging,

'Urging, it ill becomes a Parent's Care,
'The *lateſt* to the *firſt-born* to prefer.
'But covenants, if Both he will approve,
'And make them equal Partners of his Love;
'That his firſt Choice ſhould, in due Seaſon, crown
'His finiſh'd Labours; and become his own.
'*Jacob* Aſſent to the Condition gives:
'And, for the ſake of *One*, he *Both* receives.
'A numerous Offspring grac'd his happy Bed,
'By her, whom firſt he was conſtrain'd to wed.
'But with a ſparing Hand Heav'n bleſs'd the [Dame,
'That lateſt to his wiſh'd Embraces came.
'Untimely ſhe, of this World's Light bereft,
'Two only Pledges of her Sorrows left;
'Beſide my wretched ſelf, a Younger Son;
'To whom when Life ſhe gave, ſhe loſt her [own.
'With me, a Parent loſt my Brother grieves;
'But, freed from more than Half my Sorrows, [lives;

'By

'By a kind Father's tender Care ſupply'd,
'His Years to cheriſh, and his Youth to guide.
'Whilſt hapleſs I, with complicated Pain,
'A Mother, Father, Country loſt, ſuſtain.
'*Death* with the foremoſt Woe, my Joys o'ercaſt;
'But unkind *Brothers* did contrive the laſt:
'Whoſe early Scorn taught my unguarded Youth
'The firſt Example of this fatal Truth;
'That among Kindred I a Foe might find;
'And *Friendſhip* be, from *Brotherhood*, disjoin'd.

'Tho' a good Father's chief Regards I boaſt,
'His chief Regards did me my Freedom coſt;
'By whom it was my Crime to be belov'd.
'Had he leſs kind, they leſs ſevere had prov'd.
'By all good Offices I hourly ſtrove
'T' obtain their Friendſhip, and engage their [Love;

'But

'But ſtrove in vain. Unjuſtly they repaid
'All my Regards with Scorn, my Love with Hate.
'Till, to conſummate their ungovern'd Rage,
'They with united Cruelty engage
'The firſt Occaſion of my Fate t' improve;
'And me by Death, or Baniſhment, remove.
'Kind Providence their firſt Attempt withſtood,
'And from their cruel Hands preſerv'd my Blood;
'But too ſucceſsfully their angry Scorn
'Has doom'd me, in a foreign Land, to mourn.

'To this Diſaſter me my adverſe Fate
'Expos'd, unmindful of my Brothers Hate.
'Tho' in their angry Frowns it plain appear'd,
'How ſmall a Portion of their Love I ſhar'd;
'I to the fatal Miſchief haſted on,
'And met the Danger, which I was to ſhun.

'Soon

'Soon they, by Privacy ſecur'd, debate
'Th' ambiguous Diſpoſal of my Fate.
'All to my Death agreed; but doubtful ſtood,
'Whether with their own Hands to ſhed my [Blood;
'Or, at the bottom of a gloomy Cave,
'My mournful End to Deſtiny to leave.
'The laſt prevail'd. Me living they bequeath
'To th' ghaſtly Terrors of approaching Death:
'Betray'd to meet, in that unfriendly Gloom,
'From Hunger, and inclement Air, my Doom.
'Here, whilſt with darkſome Horrors round [beſet,
'(All hope of Safety loſt) I mourning wait
'The ſlow Approaches of my threat'ning Fate:
'My Sentence they recall, and ſtrait decree
'From that impending Fate to ſet me free.
'The proferr'd Means I willingly embrace,
'To rid me of the Terrors of the Place;

'Prepar'd

'Prepar'd their unhop'd Clemency to try,
'Or, by their Hands, a ſhorter Way, to die.

'My unrelenting Foes, once more become
'The uncontroul'd Diſpencers of my Doom,
'Convince me, not by Pity mov'd, but Hate,
'They had revers'd the Sentence of my Fate.
'I yet had periſh'd, had they not decreed
'That Bondage ſhould my ranſom'd Life ſucceed.
'And, to confirm this Truth, me they convey
'To Strangers Hands; and give my Liberty away.

Th' unhappy Miſtreſs, whilſt her Slave relates
His early Woes, and his diſaſtrous Fates;
In Sorrow loſt, with fix'd Attention hung
Upon the mournful Accents of his Tongue.
Unheeded Love in her ſad Boſom ſleeps,
And Pity now th' obtain'd Poſſeſſion keeps.

She

She would have urg'd him farther to declare.
But leſt his Suff'rings thro' her wounded Ear,
Might in her Breaſt, if further heard, improve
The Torment, leſs ſupportable than Love:
Joſeph, forgetful of her Flame, ſhe leaves;
And o'er his Woes awhile ſincerely grieves.

Not long, howe'er her caſual Grief reſtrains
Love's ſtronger Paſſion ſtrugling in her Veins.
The friendly Part diſmiſs'd, her Flame returns,
And for her Slave, with other Cauſe, ſhe mourns.
His well-proportion'd Limbs, his manly Grace;
His flowing Locks, and his Angelick Face,
(Guiltleſs Incentives of her ſhameleſs Fault)
Engage in baſe Deſigns her buſie Thought.
Of her ſoft Sex ſhe ſummons all the Art,
In equal Ardours to inflame his Heart.

One

One while the Force of rich Attire ſhe tries,
T'attract the brighter Luſtre of his Eyes.
Again with modeſt Air, and humble Mien,
In frugal Dreſs, ſhe ſtudies to be ſeen.
A thouſand Ways to reach his Heart ſhe ſtrove;
But all in vain. Her Smiles ſucceſsleſs prove:
And all the ſilent Eloquence of Love.
For *Joſeph* (or with Geſture undeſign'd,
Or to her Arts induſtriouſly blind)
Suſtains each Glance of her inviting Eyes,
With like Indiff'rence, under each Diſguiſe;
As if thoſe varied Looks ſhe had put on,
To pleaſe her Husband, or her ſelf alone.

To her aſſiduous Hints ſuch cold Returns
The Miſtreſs now obſerving, fiercer burns.
As glowing Coals, by gentle Sprinklings check'd,
Do hotter their recover'd Force reflect.

Regardleſs

Regardleſs ſhe both of her Sex and Fame,
Reſolves no longer to conceal her Flame;
Or ſpeak by Signs: Her Tongue ſhall now impart
The wild Diſorders of her lab'ring Heart.
When thus the virtuous Youth ſhe did accoſt:
'O, of thy Sex moſt Beautiful, and moſt
'By me Belov'd! with Pity lend an Ear
'To my Requeſt; and ſome Proportion bear,
'In ſoft Compliance with the Little God,
'That in this Breaſt has made his fix'd Abode,
'Since the bleſs'd Minute, that my wondring Eyes
'Did to my Heart convey the ſweet Surprize
'Of your new Graces. Tho' obſcure you came,
'And unattended by the Breath of Fame;
'The matchleſs Luſtre of thoſe killing Eyes
'Declares, my Heart is not alone their Prize.
'Seize then the luſcious Fruits, that court your [Taſte;
'And let this Minute crown the ſweet Repaſt.

'The

'The Good Man's now from Home. No conscious
'Shall view the soft Encounter, but our Eyes. [Spies

But *Joseph*, warm'd with a Diviner Guest,
Than the lewd Inmate of a wanton Breast;
Fir'd with a just Resentment, strait refus'd
T' obey her Lust, who press'd to be abus'd.
'If so Love's Passion boils within your Veins,
'Think on your Lord, he cries, whose Claim re- [mains
'Determin'd, by th' indissoluble Ties
'Of Sacred Wedlock, Source of virtuous Joys.
'Free Use of all things he on me bestow'd,
'Within these Walls, but Thee. Nor, if he wou'd,
'Can he Possession of that Right allow,
'Which to himself alone belongs, in You.
'No: Let the Bowels of the gaping Earth
'Receive me quick; and injur'd Heav'n pour forth

'His flaming Vengeance on my guilty Head;
'When I approve ſo baſe, ſo loath'd a Deed.
This ſaid, he from her unſafe Preſence flies;
And baulks the Guilt of her purſuing Eyes.

Thus diſappointed of the cautious Prey,
In penſive Solitude ſhe paſs'd the Day.
Love and Reſentment act a ſeveral Part,
And each by turns diſtreſs her ſwelling Heart,
Determin'd to no fix'd Reſolve. One while,
With Vengeance and Diſdain ſhe ſtrives to quell
Her ſtrange and wild Propenſity to Love;
And, by a ſtronger Hate, his Charms remove.
'Since 'tis my Fate, ſhe cries, that I muſt burn,
'In Flames of either Love, or Rage; his Scorn
'Shall my Deſpair to fix'd Averſion turn.
'Tho' gentler *Love*'s ſoft Paſſion he could ſlight,
'He ſhall to that of my juſt *Rage* ſubmit.—
'But,

'But, ah! how difficult it is to part
'With Love's ſoft Fire, firſt kindled in my Heart.
'My Hate is all unnatural, and forc'd;
'With real, but ſucceſsleſs Love, I'm curs'd.
'From whence?—Oh who can give me ſome Re-
'None, but the lovely Author of my Grief. [lief?
'Yet ſince his Coldneſs does my Paſſion brave;
'And plays the Tyrant, where he's ſold a Slave:
'Reſolv'd I am his Virtue to aſſail,
'And o'er his ſtubborn Modeſty prevail.
'I'll force that Bounty, which I could not charm;
'And fire the Breaſt, I wanted Pow'r to warm.

Sev'n times th' appointed Ruler of the Day
Had Night's encroaching Darkneſs chac'd away:
So long the grateful Solaces of Reſt
Her Temples fly, and leave her tortur'd Breaſt.

When lo! Occaſion, ſeconding her Plot,
Too near the guilty Covert *Joſeph* brought;
Where, cloſe in Ambuſcade, reſolv'd ſhe lay,
By quick Surprize to ſeize th' unwilling Boy.
Thence ruſhing forth, her eager Arms ſhe threw
About his Waſte, and to her Boſom drew
Joſeph reluctant. 'To this Breaſt, ſhe cries,
'Shall you make good the Miſchiefs of your Eyes.
'Reſiſtance is in vain: ——

Surprize and Horror him awhile diſarms
Of Pow'r to break the Bondage of her Arms:
Till rally'd Virtue, with ſuperior Aid,
For his Eſcape, a ſudden Paſſage made.
He from her Breaſt, as from Deſtruction, broke;
And trembling, ſwift as Wind, his Flight he took.
In this laſt Effort of her eager Love,
Whilſt to retard the flying Youth ſhe ſtrove,

His

His Robe ſhe graſp'd; Nor would his anxious Flight,
His Veſtment to repriſe, Delay admit.

Defeated now in all her lewd Deſigns,
Succeſsleſs Love ſhe to her Hate reſigns.
Deſpairing Luſt is now to Fury turn'd;
While Rancour, in her Breaſt, and Malice burn'd.
Her Female Cunning, by freſh Arts, revives,
And to revenge her baffled Suit contrives.
Wrath in her Looks, ſhe like a Fury raves;
And ſummons with impetuous Haſte her Slaves.
'Behold, your Lord's Credulity, ſhe ſaid,
'With how ſincere Diſcharge of Truſt repay'd,
'By his lewd *Hebrew* Slave, ſo doated on;
'Who, but this Hour, ſurpriſing me alone,
'Would fain my faithful Chaſtity have forc'd;
'And left me, like his luſtful ſelf, accurs'd.
'But my ſhrill Cries his impious Force diſmay'd;
'And, diſappointed of his Aim, he's fled:

‘ Where now, be ſure, he racks his guilty Thought,
‘ To palliate the opprobrious Crime he fought.
‘ Yet howſoe'er in bold Impoſture skill'd,
‘ He to this lucky Evidence ſhall yield.
This ſaid, ſhe offers to their ſervile Eyes
His Robe, dumb Witneſs to her clam'rous Lies.
Which to their View expos'd, the Faith beguiles
Of ſome; but others, conſcious of her Wiles,
Did wiſely this forc'd Tranſport attribute
To her refus'd, and not his proffer'd Suit.

Whilſt ſhe in Publick raves, in Private, mourns
Her baffled Enterpriſe, her *Lord* returns.
Her lewd Hypocriſies afreſh ſhe trims;
'Twixt Modeſty and Rage, divided ſeems:
She looks as tho' Rage preſs'd her to reveal,
What Modeſty adviſes to conceal.

So

So well ſhe dreſs'd th' Impoſture, that her Lord
Upbraids her, for a Meeting ſo abſurd;
With penſive Looks, and a diſorder'd Mien,
Not by a faithful Husband to be ſeen.

She with a ſettled Confidence, rejoin'd:
'My Face was ever us'd t' expreſs my Mind.
'Which now it does but too, too truly do;
'Conſcious of Wrongs, lately intended you
'By him you'll laſt ſuſpect. Your *Hebrew* Slave,
'Tranſported by the Liberties you gave,
'Of free Enjoyment, equal to his Charge,
'Preſum'd them boundleſs, 'cauſe you made them [large.
'Enough for *Modeſty* I've ſaid. The reſt
'Let *Indignation* to your Thought ſuggeſt.
This ſaid, ſhe paus'd a while. Impatient, he
Demands a leſs confus'd Diſcovery.

' Hear then, she cries, my Dearest, hear my Moan;
' And let my Wrongs thro' all the World be known.
' Ages to come my Virtue shall proclaim:
' While Virgins Blush at that vile *Hebrew*'s Name.
' As late upon my Couch I slumb'ring sate,
' Your Absence to beguile, and Midday's Heat;
' A gentle Murmur reach'd my troubled Ear,
' And fill'd my trembling Heart with sudden Fear.
' Starting, I cast around my frighted Eyes,
' Which way my Ear directed to the Noise.
' And soon I spy'd your *Joseph*'s courtly Grace,
' In wild Confusion, stealing from the Place.
' Till from Detection he fresh Courage took,
' And turning, these audacious Words he spoke.
" Bright Dame, I own my Crime, if Crime it be,
" Usher'd by *Love*, t' attempt your Privacy.
" Love was my Guide: And I presum'd that *Love*,
" Would, in the sweet Attempt, propitious prove.

" But

" But the *God*, ſtartled by your own Surprize,
" Flew from the ſudden Lightning of your Eyes.
' Secure of my own Virtue, I reply'd,
' Hence, from my Sight, purſue your flying Guide.
' But He, with ſteady Confidence, reſum'd
' His fulſom Gibberiſh; and next, preſum'd
' To ſnatch my Hand. All-ſeeing Gods! I cry,
' Let me not fall to brutal Luſt a Prey.
' Still the encroaching Villain cloſer preſs'd,
' With his rude Lips to reach my trembling Breaſt.
' Dreading th' Event of undiſſembled Luſt,
' With Strength, 'till then untry'd, away I thruſt
' Th' invading Miſcreant. He th' Aſſault renew'd;
' Till I cry'd out, with all the Voice I could,
' Here! to my Reſcue: The lewd Vaſſal take;
' And, of his Crime a juſt Example make.
' With conſcious Fear his Hold he then forſook;
' With trembling Haſte, he from my Preſence [broke.

' But

'But our great Gods, the Traitor to chaſtiſe,
'And do me Juſtice; made his Robe my Prize;
'Which, as he trembling preſs'd to reach the Door,
'His haſty Fears had caſt upon the Floor.

With rouling Eyes her tortur'd *Husband* views
The ſilent Voucher of her feigned News:
Which, with upbraiding Words, inrag'd he tore;
And in a Tone, dreadful as Thunder, ſwore:
'Thus from his Bones would I, were he as near,
'The wanton Fleſh of that lewd Villain tear.

Joſeph, the while, from all Suſpicion free
Of his rejected *Lady*'s Treachery,
With Duty, Love, and Gratitude, prepar'd
To do the wonted Homage to his *Lord*.
Ah! Virtue, how precarious is thy Boaſt,
By Obloquy traduc'd, in Falſhood loſt!

As

As when the Void, o'er frighted Mortals Heads,
A ſcowling Storm with gloomy Clouds o'er-[ſpreads:
Tho' with its native Light the Starry Sphere,
Above the Tempeſt ſhines ſerene, and clear;
Its Brightneſs yet is loſt to Human Eyes,
Which charge the Vapour's *Darkneſs* on the *Skies*.

Soon as his *Lord*'s lov'd Preſence He ap-[proach'd,
With Senſe of the preſum'd Diſhonour touch'd,
The angry *Noble* frown'd: O, dire Preſage
Of fierce Diſpleaſure, and uncommon Rage!
And, urg'd by Paſſion, inſtantly decreed
The Execution of a Bloody Deed.
His Arm he bares; and, with his brandiſh'd Steel
Swears, he the Vengeance of this Hand ſhall feel.
But as, with darting Eye, he takes his Aim;
Th' Accus'd appears ſo very much the ſame,

With him he lately doated on; his Face
Admits no Change of Innocence and Grace;
Nor does his blameleſs Conduct ſeem t'upbraid
With ſuch foul Crimes, as to his Charge were laid:
That in the doubtful, but propitious Strife,
Of Love, to Hate oppos'd, he ſpares his Life:
Yet, with diſſembled Shew of Paſſion, ſaid,
'By quick Retreat, ſave that devoted Head
'From the vindictive Fury of this Hand;
'Which, ſhouldſt thou ſtay, is for thy Death or-[dain'd.
Joſeph the harſh Salute with Terror ſtruck;
Who quick the favourable Warning took;
And ſilent did the menac'd Hurt defeat,
By an obſequious, and wiſe Retreat.

But *Jealouſie*, once harbour'd in the Breaſt,
Inſpires a Rage, not eaſily ſuppreſt.
And tho' *Surpriſe* his Lord from Blood reſtrain'd,
The ſecret Sting of Hate uncur'd remain'd.

In

In vain he ſtrives to recollect the Senſe
Of *Joſeph*'s late beloved *Innocence*.
Reviving Fury boils within his Soul;
Nor can his former Love, his Rage controul.
'The Traitor's fled, he cries; I'll now reſent
'His Crime, without Remorſe; and fix his [Puniſhment.
'When 'fore my Face I ſaw the Villain ſtand,
'His melting Looks diſarm'd my threat'ning [Hand.
'But now my juſter Vengeance I'll reſume:
'The guilty *Robe* demands a ſpeedy Doom.——
'Ah feeble Paſſion! when thou hadſt the Foe
'Safe in thy Reach, to let him tamely go!
'I ought, as here the guilty Traitor ſtood,
'T'have quench'd my Rage in his deteſted Blood.
'Tho' fear of ſudden Vengeance drove him hence,
'He publickly ſhall ſmart for this Offence.
This utter'd, he commands a truſty Guard
Joſeph to ſeize; and, in the Royal Ward,

With

With Chains, of more than common Weight, to load;
And make his *Wife*'s falſe Allegations good.

Unhappy, injur'd *Youth*! how wilt thou bear
Thy Chains? Theſe Marks of Infamy, how wear?
Conſcience of *Virtue* will their Load ſuſtain:
But Calumny admits no Anodyne.
Thy *Virtues*, and thy *Veſture* twice have been
Bane to thy ſelf, Diſguiſe of others Sin.
Thy Veſture once, the Pledge of *Jacob*'s Love,
To plot thine *Exile* did thy Brothers move.
A luſtful Woman now thy Robe does uſe,
To hide her Crimes, thy Virtue to traduce.
But Wrongs from *Strangers* are a gentle Load,
Weigh'd with th' Oppreſſions of falſe *Brotherhood*.

In Dungeon dark, the guiltleſs Pris'ner lies,
Loaded with Chains, but more with Obloquies.

The

The galling Wreaths all Senſe of Eaſe controul,
And complicated Sorrows pierce his Soul.
Thus tho' depreſt, his Thoughts on High do ſoar,
To the *Eternal*; who alone has Pow'r
To hear the Suppliant, do the Injur'd Right;
And ſecret Plots of Miſchief bring to Light.

'Thou God of *Abram*, *Iſaac*, *Iſrael*'s Fear,
'To my Complaints afford a gracious Ear!
'Sad's the Remembrance of my num'rous Sins:
'But now I ſmart for not my own Offence.
'My wounded Soul to *Thee* for Succour flies,
'And on Thy Arm alone for Help relies.
'My Foes oppreſs me with theſe heavy Chains:
'Not ev'n my Innocence their Rage reſtrains.
'How long, O God, how long muſt I endure
'The galling Load—oh when expect a Cure!

'To

'To my Relief thy timely Aid extend.
'In *Death*, or *Freedom*, let my Sorrows end.

Th' *Almighty* heard, and to his mournful Suit,
By quick Redreſs, a gracious Period put;
To generous Pity mov'd the *Jailor*'s Heart,
And ſet before him *Joſeph*'s wrong'd Deſert.
In Chains and Darkneſs whilſt the Priſ'ner lies,
Th' affrighted *Jailor* no true Peace enjoys.
By Day ſtrange Viſions haunt his lab'ring Sight;
And *Joſeph*'s Wrongs infeſt his Dreams by Night.
Before his Eyes ſtands injur'd *Virtue* there;
O'erwhelm'd with Guilt, the perjur'd *Miſtreſs* [here.
The Means reſolv'd, he inſtantly prepares,
At once to eaſe his own, and *Joſeph*'s Cares;
Unlocks the maſſy Bars of his Abode,
And from his Shoulders takes their galling Load;

Unguents

Unguents he brings his rankling Sores to heal;
And Cordials from his Heart its Griefs repell.
The ſweet Surprize ſuch height of Tranſport gives,
He ſcarce enjoys the Comforts he receives.
But ſeems like hungry Swains, who in their Sleep,
Half ſtarv'd, imaginary Revels keep:
Whoſe Appetite their flatt'ring Fancy treats
With empty Dainties, and untaſted Meats.
But the ſurprizing Change too real is,
To let him long miſtake the ſolid Bliſs.
The chearful Light ſalutes his dazled Eye,
And moderate Joys ſucceed his Extaſie.
His mental Thanks he firſt to Heaven ſends;
With low Obeiſance next, his Body bends
To his Deliverer. 'How can I expreſs,
'Says he, my Gratitude for this Exceſs
'Of Kindneſs for a Wretch, to you unknown?
'Without a *Friend*, till Pity made you one.

The courteous *Jailer*, with a ſetled Joy,
Reſult of gen'rous Pity, makes Reply:
'The Pleaſure, to my Mind this Act affords,
'Sufficiently alone it ſelf rewards.
'Ingenuous Youth, could I with equal Pow'r,
'Thee to the *Freedom*, that I wiſh, reſtore;
'This *Jail* no longer ſhould thy Manſion be,
'But thou from all Confinement ſhouldſt be free.
'And tho' my want of Pow'r my Will oppoſe,
'Your Freedoms in this Place ſhall equal thoſe
'My ſelf enjoy; till more propitious *Fate*
'Second my Wiſhes, and improve your State.
'Mean time, o'er all the reſt you ſhall preſide,
'That do in Bonds, within theſe Walls, abide.

Joſeph at this his ready Thanks expreſs'd:
For gen'rous Pity glow'd within his Breaſt;

Which guides him in Performance of the Charge
To him aſſign'd, within the Priſon-Verge.
A thouſand Wretches fill the noiſom Place,
Whoſe Tears and Sighs do *Joſeph*'s Pity raiſe;
By various Fates to that ſad Manſion brought,
Some their *Misfortune* mourn, and ſome their *Fault*.
To all his kind Humanity extends,
To all he ſuitable Aſſiſtance lends:
With ſweet Concern th' *Unfortunate* relieves,
And to the *Vicious* wholeſom Counſel gives.

Whilſt thus his courteous Aid he daily lent,
To heal the Wounds of others Diſcontent;
In ignominious Plight, a mournful Pair
Of Courtiers, by Command of *Pharaoh*, were
Into that darkſom Place of Sorrow thrown,
The Crime of *Injur'd Majeſty* to' attone.

Distinct their Offices; but one their Care:
For *Pharaoh*'s Table duly to prepare
Such Chear, as Nature's bounteous Hands supply;
Of Cates, and Wine's profuse Variety.

It chanc'd, as thus he, like th' unweary'd Sun,
Nor less desir'd, his daily Circuit run;
That ent'ring their unpleasant Solitude,
The Signs of more than vulgar Grief he view'd
In either's Look; and thence Occasion took
T' enquire th' unhappy Cause. When thus he spoke:
'With Men in Bonds, t'expostulate the Cause
'Of their Concern, were to insult their Woes.
'But from this solemn Shew of Grief, I guess,
'Some weightier Burden does your Minds oppress,
'Than want of Liberty. They jointly rear'd
Their drooping Heads; and, as he guess'd, declar'd:
'Great is our Sorrow for our past Offence,
'Dreadful the Rage of an offended Prince.

'But a freſh Grief perplexes moſt our Mind;
'No Eaſe our anxious Thoughts, no Reſpite find.
'The dusky Viſions of the Night ſuggeſt
'Ambiguous Fates, and break our troubled Reſt.
'And our Concern's increaſt, by want of Means
'To ſolve th' ill Boadings of our dark Suſpenſe.

[*Gueſt*
Their Sorrows Source diſclos'd, the *Heav'nly*
Fills with Prophetic Energy his Breaſt.
That *Holy Spirit*, whoſe Genial Influence
Did Life and Motion to all Kinds diſpenſe;
When the Great Founder of the Univerſe,
By his Almighty Mandate, did diſperſe
The indigeſted Seeds, in *Chaos* mixt,
And to th' unruly *Waves* their Limits fixt.
Who made the *Stars*; and at whoſe Word alone
The *Sun* in full Meridian Luſtre ſhone.

That *Holy Spirit*, who, midſt the *Jews*, of Old,
Inſpir'd their *Prophets*; and of *Chriſt* foretold,
Who pious Breaſts chears with enlight'ning Ray,
And to immortal Glories guides our Way.

By the Divine Suggeſtion thus prepar'd
To clear the Doubts, whereof they late deſpair'd;
'Can there, he cries, ought His all-ſeeing Eye
'Eſcape; who comprehends Eternity?
'His Meſſenger am I, and can reveal,
'In your Concern, the Purport of His Will.
'But firſt, the Subſtance of your Viſions give,
'And doubt not their Solution to receive.

When ſtrait the Chief of *Pharaoh*'s Butlers loos'd
His trembling Tongue, and thus his Dream diſclos'd.
'Whilſt Sleep mine Eye-lids clos'd, my buſie [Thought
'To my aſtoniſh'd Sight this Viſion brought:
'Within

'Within my Reach a *ſpreading Vine* was plac'd,
'Whoſe budding Stem *three* tender *Branches* [grac'd;
'Whence pendant Cluſters, in abundance, ſprung,
'Pleaſant to view; and ripen'd as they hung.
'Their animating Store, methought, I drain'd
'Into Great *Pharaoh*'s Cup; and to his Hand
'The ſparkling Juice convey'd. 'Take then, he
'The happy Iſſue, in this *Dream*, imply'd. [cry'd,
'The tender *Branches Three*, ſo many Days
'Import; e'er ended, you to *Pharaoh*'s Grace
'Shall be reſtor'd, and to his Royal Hand
'The Cup convey; and in his Preſence ſtand.
'When ſo your wonted *Province* you enjoy,
'Some Int'reſt, to my wiſh'd Redreſs, employ.
'To *Pharaoh*'s Ear preſent my mournful Caſe;
'And ſooth his gen'rous Heart to my Releaſe.
'An *Hebrew* born, I from my *Native Land*
'Hither, by unkind *Brothers*, was trepann'd:

‘ Nor here have ought tranſgreſt, worthy the
‘ By me ſuſtain'd within theſe loathſom Walls. [Thralls
‘ A Dungeon dark my firſt Apartment was;
‘ My Cloathing Chains, and Manacles of Braſs.
‘ Till by my Woes o'ercome, the *Keeper* gave
‘ Such Liberty, as here you ſee me have;
‘ And with a kind Humanity did grieve,
‘ He durſt no farther my Diſtreſs relieve.
‘ The Power he wanted you will ſhortly find;
‘ And be as *Happy*, as I wiſh you *Kind*.

The gay Solution *Pharaoh*'s *Butler* chear'd:
But to falſe Hopes his liſtning *Partner* rear'd;
Who gladly his ill-boading Dream declar'd.

‘ Whilſt downy Sleep inclin'd my Limbs to Reſt
‘ Mine Head, methought, *three* milk-white *Baſ-* [*kets* preſt.
‘ The uppermoſt with Choice of Cates was ſtor'd,
‘ To court the Palate of Great *Egypt*'s *Lord*:
‘ Which ſoon were, by a *feather'd Hoſt*, devour'd.

'Make but this *Omen* prosperous, and be
'A Sharer in my happier State, with me.

Joseph replies; 'To me 'tis only giv'n
'To *learn*; not to *reverse*, the Will of Heav'n.
'Th' *Almighty* in this Vision has pourtraid
'The sad Conclusion of your present State.
'Your Days are number'd in the *Baskets three.*
'Ere fourth Day's Dawn, offended Majesty
'You shall, suspended on a Tree, appease;
'Whilst *ravenous Birds* attend your Obsequies.

Th' *Almighty* both Predictions verify'd;
And, as suggested, did their Fates divide.
For now the grand *decisive Day* was come,
Which should to each dispense a *several Doom*;
Whose *Sun* arose, with Rays of quickning Light,
On *Pharoah*'s *Butler*: But, in endless Night,

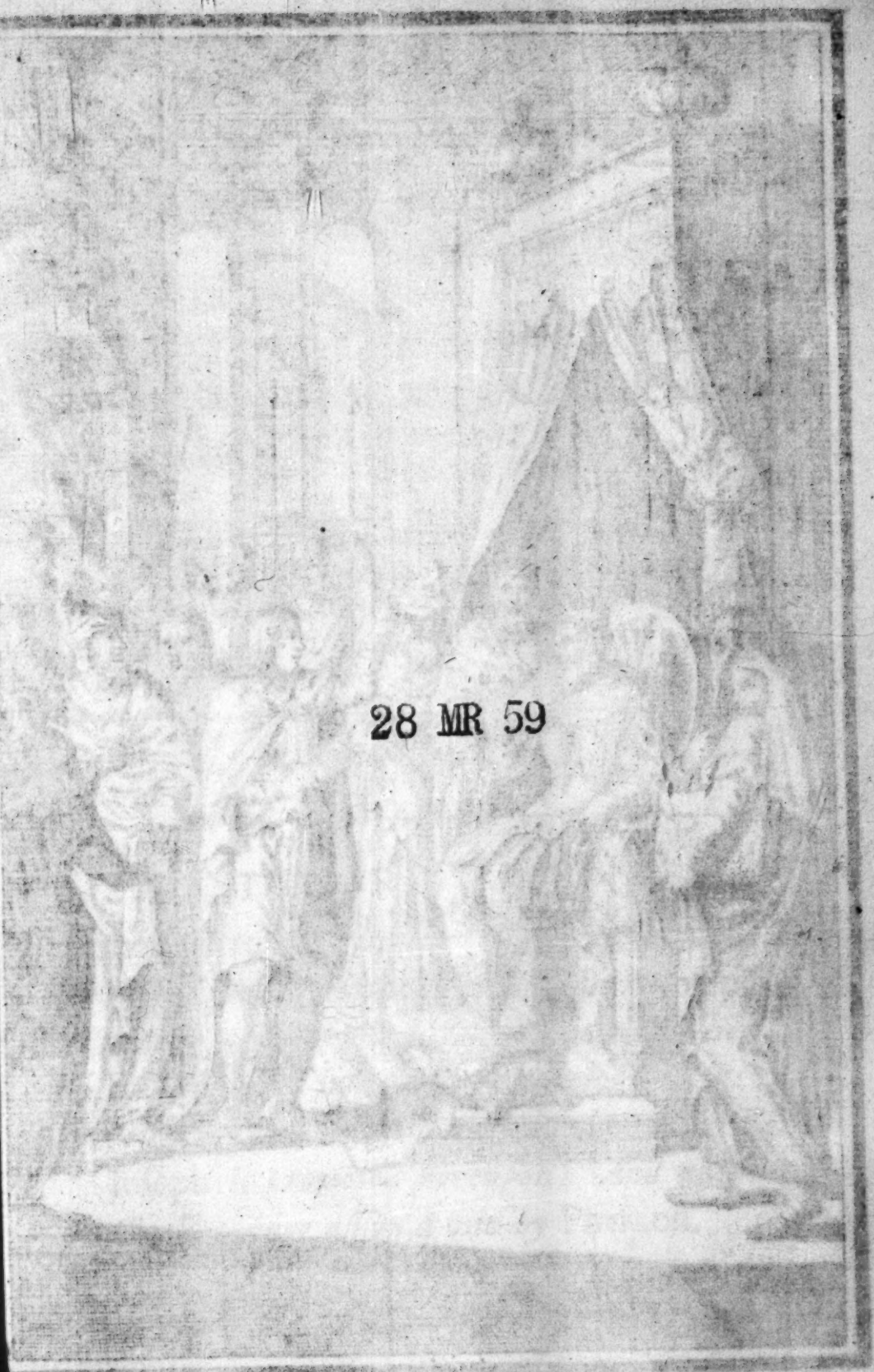
On

On th' other *Pris'ner* ſate; whoſe *Death* alone
Could with his Prince, for his *Offence*, attone.

To this ſmall *Inſtance*, if I may compare
That *great One*, which concerns the *World* ſo near:
So when the *Sun of Righteouſneſs* ſhall riſe,
And with Vindictive Terrors ſhake the *Skies*;
Our quicken'd *Bodies* from the Grave ſhall come,
To meet a *final*, but a *different* Doom.
The *Wicked* ſhall to endleſs *Woes* be chac'd,
The *Righteous* to Immortal *Glories* rais'd.

The *Butler* now, pleas'd at his happier Lot,
Reſum'd the *Courtier*, and his *Friend* forgot,
And his *Deſerts*: He, friendleſs and obſcure,
Was forc'd two lingering Twelvemonths more [t' endure
The lighter Ills of Liberty conſtrain'd;
And, though exempt from *Bonds*, a *Pris'ner* ſtill [remain'd.

THE



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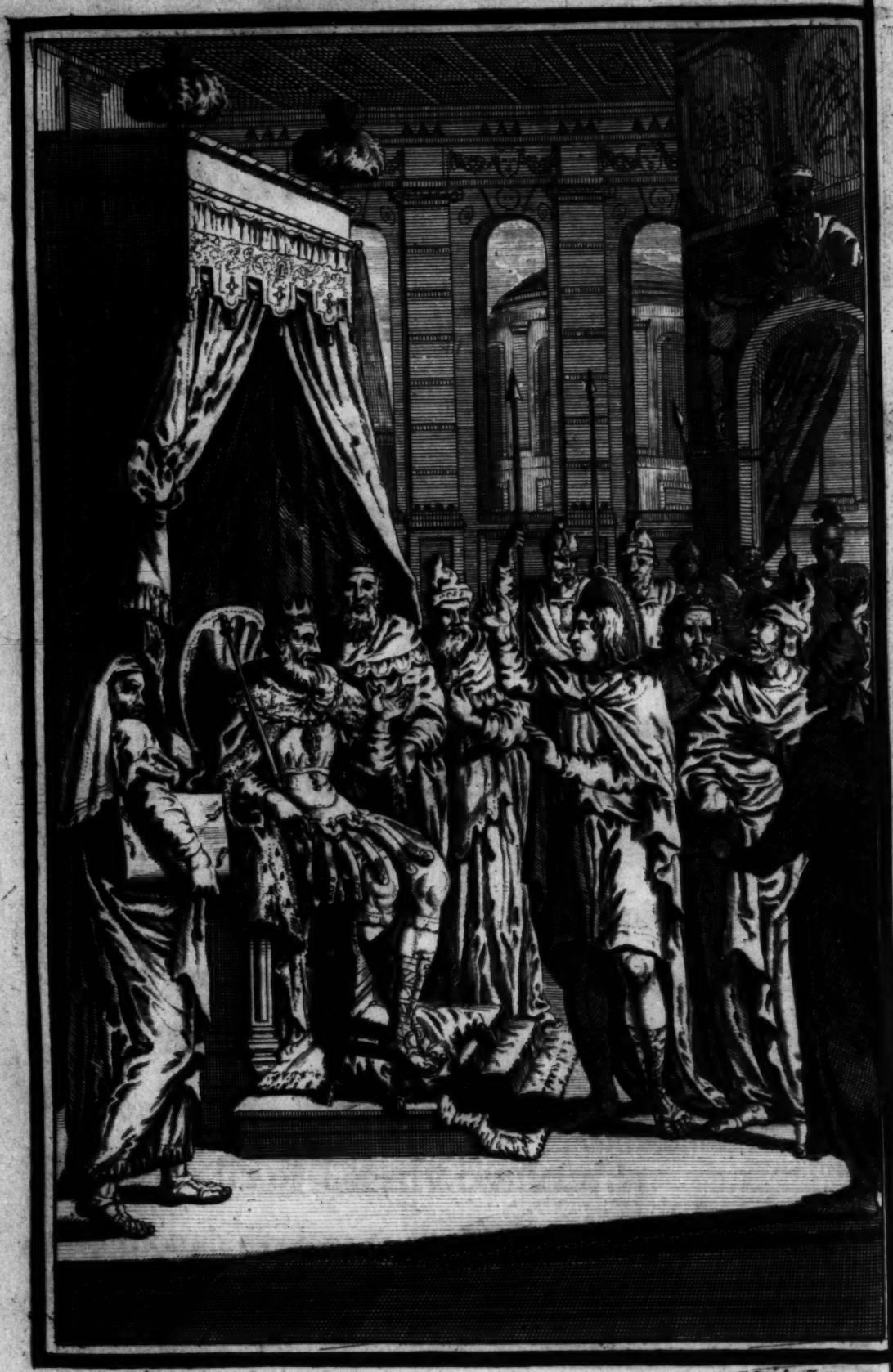

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THE HISTORY OF *JOSEPH.*

BOOK III.

The ARGUMENT.

Pharaoh's *two Dreams.* *The* Magicians *attempt their Interpretation; but in vain.* Joseph *is at length recommended to* Pharaoh, *by his chief* Butler. *He interprets the two Dreams; and gives* Pharaoh *Advice concerning their Event.* Joseph *is promoted hereupon: And undertakes the Province assign'd him by* Pharaoh.

WHEN

WHEN twice the Sun had meaſur'd out the Space,
By Heav'n appointed for his *Annual Race*;
To *Egypt*'s *King*, oppreſt with Royal Cares,
Th' ambiguous Emblem of approaching Years,
In ſolemn Hieroglyphic Pomp, appears.
On the ſoft Boſom of ſweet Slumber laid,
In Thought, to *Nilus*' fertile Banks he ſtray'd;
And muſing, near the gliding Stream he ſtood:
When lo! *ſev'n Kine* roſe from the parted Flood;
Graceful to View, they cropp'd the tender Blade
Of ſpringing Graſs, within a flow'ry Mead.

Whilſt

Whilſt on a Sight ſo new, with ſtrange Surprize,
The penſive *Monarch* fix'd his wond'ring Eyes;
From the ſame *Flood ſev'n* meagre *Kine* ariſe.
Ghaſtly their Form, as if to Death ally'd;
They nip the Herb, cloſe by their Fellows ſide.
Nor ſated with the luſcious Store prepar'd,
At length they prey upon the fatter Herd.
At this unnat'ral Scene, with Horror ſtruck,
He ſhunn'd the hateful Viſion, and awoke.
Again the Weights of Sleep his Eyelids cloſe;
When, in his View *ſev'n Ears* of *Corn* aroſe,
Whoſe ſwelling Grain weigh'd down the loaded [Stalk,
Unequal to ſuſtain their pond'rous Bulk.
To the rich Growth another Sev'n ſucceeds,
Unlike the firſt: Their drooping, wither'd Heads
Portentous Miſchiefs boad: In Plight ſo ill,
As if produc'd by Nature 'gainſt her Will.

Nor

Nor long he ſtood, e'er th'inauſpicious Birth
Conſum'd the fatter product of the Earth.
This done, from Sleep reſtor'd, upon his Bed,
Pharaoh th' Importance of theſe Viſions weigh'd.
The more he thinks, the more his puzled Thought
Errs in Meanders of attending Doubt.
To Court he ſummons all the boaſted Skill
Of Magic Arts. His Court the *Sages* fill.
Where Part conſult the Stars, Part try the Force
Of Myſtic Numbers, Part th' Infernal Pow'rs
With Charms follicit. But, by *Heav'n* reveal'd,
The ſacred Viſion is from *Hell* conceal'd,
And all its Arts.

Whilſt variouſly they ſtrive, but ſtrive in vain,
Pharaoh to learn, and *they* no leſs t'explain
The Viſions Import: *Joſeph*, long forgot,
Was to that *Courtier*'s ſlow Remembrance brought,

To

To whom he Succour lent, in like Diſtreſs;
Whom taught his near Approach of Happineſs.
He, with a partial Gratitude, implor'd
Th' Attention of his diſappointed *Lord*.
When thus he ſpake: 'Your *Majeſty*'s Diſtreſs
'If I, by my Aſſiſtance, can redreſs;
'It will, I hope, my *Gratitude* evince
'For your Remittance of my late Offence.
'Nor do I doubt Succeſs. To Bonds conſtrain'd,
'When *Pharaoh*'s Godlike Anger I ſuſtain'd,
'With your *Chief Baker*; as with Grief oppreſt,
'We both reſign our weary'd Limbs to Reſt,
'Ambiguous Dreams our waking Thoughts [moleſt.
'Their juſt Importance, whether bad or good,
'We both deplore, 'cauſe neither underſtood.
'Whilſt thus, with Grief o'ercharg'd, an *Hebrew* [*Youth*
'Reſolv'd th' important Secret to us both.

To

'To me he promis'd (what your *Princely Grace*
'Perform'd) a *Reſtitution* to my Place:
'But, to the *Partner* of my Woes, made known,
'He muſt by Death your *Princely* Wrath attone.
'This knowing Youth, now, in the Royal Ward,
'Attends the Captain of great *Pharaoh*'s Guard.

The *King*, on a Diſcovery intent,
Quick to the Royal Ward a Cohort ſent.
His urgent Will, with duteous Haſte, they bear
To unexpecting *Joſeph*'s raviſh'd Ear.
Strait, from his Roſie Cheeks, the tender Down,
By mournful Negligence, luxuriant grown,
He takes, with artful Induſtry, away;
And looks, as his approaching Fortunes, gay.
His Veſture, tainted with th' offenſive Scent,
And ſqualid Hue of long Impriſonment,
He lays aſide, for one more elegant.

Whom,

Whom, from long Durance, thus adorn'd they bring,
In Preſence of the great *Egyptian King*.
Awhile the *Monarch* views the graceful Air
And Features of his young *Interpreter*.
Whoſe Aſpect ſuch, as tho' from Heav'n he came,
T' unfold the ſecret Import of his Dream.
When thus he ſpake: 'O Youth of Heav'nly Form,
'Diſpel the Cares that do my Mind alarm,
'Born of the darkſome Viſions of the Night;
'Whoſe ſilent Hours to balmy Reſt invite.
'For Thee alone the glorious Work remains,
'Inextricable by all others Pains.

Joſeph replies: 'The Cure your Majeſty
'Is pleas'd t' enjoin, nor leſs expects from me,
'Is only *God*'s t' effect. Without his Aid,
'Your firm Reliance does my Skill upbraid.

'And much I hope, th' Aſſiſtance which he lends,
'Will, for your Royal Troubles, make Amends.

Then *Pharaoh*: 'As upon the Banks I ſtood
'Of Genial *Nilus'* animating Flood;
'A Stranger Birth than ever *Fame* produc'd,
'Out of his pregnant Slime, my Thoughts amus'd.
'*Seven* ſtately *Kine* ſalute my buſie Sight,
'Whoſe Form engag'd to Wonder, and Delight:
'But ſoon were follow'd by a Meagre Train,
'Which riſing from the Stream poſſeſs the Plain,
'In Number equal to the fatter Herd;
'So lean, they living Skeletons appear'd.
'Their nobler Kind they greedily devour,
'Yet ſeem as lank, as empty as before.
'Diſorder'd Sleep my frighted Temples flies.
'Again a ſecond Slumber clos'd my Eyes.

'When

'When to my View *Sev'n Ears* of *Corn* oppoſe
'Their ſwelling Bulk, which from *one Stalk* aroſe.
'Theſe too compell'd, reſign their pond'rous Store
'To other *Sev'n*, of Subſtance light and poor.
'Perplext I call from their aſſign'd Abodes
'The ſage Familiars of Great *Egypt*'s Gods.
'To theſe I my ſuggeſted Doubts impart:
'But the ſly Viſion ſtill eludes their Art.

Joſeph replies: 'The Viſions myſtic Senſe
'None can unriddle, ſave *Omniſcience*;
'Or thoſe, to whom he pleaſes to reveal
'The hidden Purpoſe of his ſacred Will.
'He of ſuch Knowledge, for great *Pharaoh*'s ſake,
'Me a Partaker not diſdains to make.
'The *Sev'n* well-favour'd *Kine*, the *Sev'n* plump
'Of *Grain*, do both import *Sev'n Fruitful Years*: [*Ears*

‘ Whoſe plenteous Harveſts thro' your Land ſhall ſmile,
‘ And overpay the ſweating Reapers Toil.
‘ Again, the *Sev'n* lank *Kine*, the hateful Birth
‘ Of blaſted *Corn*, imply *Sev'n Years* of *Dearth*.
‘ In the ſame Order as, in *Pharaoh*'s Eyes,
‘ Twice the preſaging Viſion did ariſe;
‘ Thoſe Years of joyous *Plenty* ſhall precede
‘ The Years of hungry *Dearth*, alike decreed;
‘ And as the meagre Succeſſors, and poor,
‘ Did greedily their Richer Kind devour;
‘ So ſhall the *fatter Product* of the Earth
‘ Yield all its Store to the ſucceeding *Dearth*,
‘ That, like a ſweeping Torrent, ſhall efface
‘ The Signs, and Footſteps of all paſt *Increaſe*,
‘ As twice repeated the myſterious Dream,
‘ Diverſe in Shew, but in Event, the ſame;
‘ To *Pharaoh*'s Royal Obſervation came:

‘ Th' *Im-*

'Th' *Immortal God* has ratify'd, and ſeal'd
'The inſtant Iſſue of the Thing reveal'd.
'Since therefore thus it is by *Heav'n* decreed,
'That *Scarceneſs* ſhall to *Plenteouſneſs* ſucceed:
'Tis worth th' Advertence of your Princely Cares,
'To husband ſo the Fruits of *Plenteous Years*;
'As when the Earth her wonted Strength denies,
'Your *Land* be fed with provident Supplies.
'Would *Pharaoh*'s Royal Providence demand
'A *Fifth* of every plenteous Crop: Your Land,
'Spoil'd of her Annual Fruits, ſhould be main-[tain'd.
'But if in *Pharaoh*'s Thought, the Task's too great
'To mix with other Exigents of State;
'Let him his ſpacious Realms throughout explore,
'To find a Subſtitute, the Nation's Store
'To manage, and ſupply the Land with Bread,
'Whilſt ſtrugling with the Force of craving Need.

Then *Pharaoh*: ‘ When th' indulgent *Gods* at [Hand
‘ Have brought us Succour; Traverſing the Land
‘ For Aid remote, were impious Diffidence,
‘ Alike eſtrang'd from Gratitude, and Senſe.
‘ Can there, adds he, throughout my Realms, ap- [pear
‘ So exquiſite a Fitneſs, as you bear?
‘ Thoſe *Heav'nly Pow'rs*, whoſe Purpoſe you [diſcloſe,
‘ Your Virtue for this mighty Task have choſe.
‘ Nor can a fitter for my Land provide,
‘ Or in th' approaching Exigence preſide,
‘ Than thou; in whom the *Powers* themſelves [confide.
‘ Be thine th' important Charge, do thou the [Land
‘ With Wiſdom ſuccour, and with Pow'r com- [mand.
‘ Great is thy Worth. My deſtin'd Realms ſhall [none,
‘ Beſide my ſelf, to thee ſuperior own.

This ſaid, a precious Gemm he from his Hand,
With flaming Luſtre draws; and gives Command,

That

That from his Royal Wardrobe be brought forth
A Suit of Richeſt Ornament and Worth.
O'er which pure Wreaths of Gold, for Art no leſs
Then Subſtance priz'd, his Manly Shoulders grace.

Great *Pharoah* next, to *Joſeph*, thus array'd
I'th' ſplendid Marks of Royal Bounty, ſaid:
'Be theſe the Pledges of that Great Command;
'Which, from this Hour, I put into thy Hand.
'This Signet ſhall a laſting Witneſs be,
'Both of my Love, and thine Authority.
'With this Thou ſhalt my abſent Pow'r ſupply;
'With this, ſhalt diſannual, or ratifie.
'Then on his Hand he plac'd th' Imperial Stone,
'Which on the Throng which chearful Luſtre [ſhone,

Th' exulting Court their *Monarch*'s Act applaud,
And round their new-made *Prince*, at awful Di- [ſtance, crowd.

When *Joſeph*, bluſhing at his unſought Praiſe,
Nor more expected Turn of Happineſs;
With Air of Worth, by Modeſty ſuppreſt,
To *Pharaoh*'s Princely Throne himſelf addreſt:
'Great is the Pow'r of Royal Majeſty,
'Second to His alone, who ſits on High;
'Patron of Kings, and Guardian of the Crown
'From the lewd Inſults of Rebellion:
'WhoſeLooks, likeHeav'n,dovariouſly diſpenſe,
'On the Depending Crowd, their Influence.
'Your *Frowns* the keeneſt Pangs of Sorrow give;
'And in your *Smiles* our fainting Souls revive.
'Few Hours are vaniſh'd, ſince in Priſon thrown
'I my diſaſtrous Suff'rings did bemoan.
'For my own Crimes, or others, to that Place
'Confin'd, I ſay not: mine was the Diſgrace;
'Till your moſt generous Majeſty decreed,
'Theſe *Honours* ſhould thoſe *Miſeries* ſucceed.

'But

'But how ſhall I this Grandeur's Weight ſupport,
'More in a Priſon converſant, than Court?
'A Public *Truſt* does public *Worth* require.
'Few can ſuſtain that Charge which all admire.
'Who ſinks beneath Afflictions ſordid Weight,
'When rais'd, is rather Fortunate, than Great.
'My *Private Ills* I ſcarcely did endure;
'How then ſhall I a *Nation*'s Grievance cure?

His Scruples *Pharaoh* with Impatience took;
And interrupting him, thus Silence broke:
'Experienc'd Worth your Modeſty tranſcends;
'And what *this* undervalues, *that* commends;
'Nor doubt I, *Heaven* which has to you reveal'd
'That Light, He from all other Eyes conceal'd;
'With equal Wiſdom, will your Heart direct:
'And, whom he ſo inſtructs, I will protect.

Then

Then *Joseph*: 'Since great *Pharaoh* has decreed,
'That the Reward shall my Desert exceed:
'I to the splendid Burden must submit.
'And may *Heav'n* make me *Wise!* as *Pharaoh*, [*Great.*

From thence, attended with a numerous Band,
He takes his Progress thro' the spacious Land.
Where-e'er he comes, with Pride, the teeming [Earth
Presents the Prospect of a pond'rous Birth.
And thro' the Course of sev'n revolving Years,
Such a luxuriant Crop of Fruit she bears;
As, tho' a *Fifth* of what those Years afford,
Becomes a Tribute to great *Egypt*'s *Lord*;
(Deny'd to present, and for future Use
Alone reserv'd) the Heaps, she does produce,
Not only Nature's common *Needs* supply;
But ev'n surpass the Waste of *Luxury*.

THE

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THE HISTORY OF JOSEPH.

BOOK IV.

The ARGUMENT.

The Famine *in* Egypt *describ'd.* Joseph's Brethren *come to buy Corn.* Joseph's *feign'd Suspicion of them. Their Fears and Apprehensions thereupon. He demands their Brother* Benjamin: *And dismisses all, but* Simeon. *They return to their Father* Jacob, *with the sorrowful News of what had befallen them in* Egypt. Jacob's *Fears for* Simeon, *and* Benjamin.

HAIL

HAIL, Bleſt *Urania*! Who in ancient Days,
Inſpiredſt *Moſes*, in exalted Lays,
Th' Almighty Guide of *Iſrael*'s *Sons* to praiſe.
When reſcu'd they, along the troubled Coaſt,
With wond'ring Eyes, ſurvey'd the floating Hoſt
Of their *Oppreſſors*; when the parting Flood
Diſclos'd their Paſſage, and their Foes ſubdu'd.
Thou! who the *Royal Hebrew* didſt inſpire
To join his Voice to the Harmonious Lyre.
Who, with Celeſtial Numbers, diſpoſſeſt
The helliſh Diſcord of *Saul*'s troubled Breaſt.
Since when, Thine erring Sons invoke thine Aid,
Or from *Parnaſſus*' double-headed Shade,

Or

Or gliding Stream of ſilver *Helicon*:
Till *Milton*'s wiſer Genius call'd thee down
From *Heav'n*, t'aſſiſt his Song: Whoſe Energy
Shews, every Period was inſpir'd by *Thee*.
Till *Cowly* the *Afflicted David* ſung;
And *Brady*'s happy Muſe his Harp new ſtrung.
Whilſt pious *Weſley* mounts on Cherubs Wings,
And to the *Nobleſt Theme* divinely ſings.

Tho' deſtitute of Wings, I want the Pow'r,
Like theſe of thine *adopted Train*, to ſoar:
By me invok'd, yet haſt Thou not diſdain'd
Th' Aſſiſtance of thine Amicable *Hand*,
To *lead* me thro' the Bounds of *Egypt*'s Land;
Where *Joſeph* now, to cure th' arriv'd Diſtreſs
Of cogent *Want*, and deſtin'd *Barrenneſs*,
From *Pharaoh*'s Stores deals, with a frugal Hand,
Heav'n's Bounty; and ſupports his ſtarving Land:

In

In which 'tis only possible to trace
The worn-out Footsteps of her late Increase.

For as the Prodigal (whose lavish Hands
Squander the golden Product of his Lands)
Contemns the fast Consumption of his Store;
And vainly hopes: Or fears not to be poor;
Whilst he in Waste, and Luxury, devours
The wary Thrift of saving Ancestors:
Till his last vanish'd Mite the Wretch deceives;
And him to Poverty and Hunger leaves.
So, whilst indulgent *Heav'n* vouchsaf'd to bless
Their yearly Labours with the vast Increase,
Did the profuse Inhabitants of *Nile*
Squander the wealthy Product of their Soil.
Superfluous Dishes crown each Days Repast;
And more in Offals than they eat, they waste.

Until

Until apace roll'd on the ſullen Years,
That would the chearful Face of Things reverſe.
The Signs of joyous *Plenty* diſappear,
That duly us'd th' obſerving Hind to chear;
And kindly uſher in the blooming Year.
Contracted *Nile* in his pent Channel flows;
Nor o'er the Fields his wonted *Bounty* ſtrews.
The Earth, by his Embrace once ſuppled, now
Obdurate grown, rejects the ſturdy Plough;
Or, where ſhe to the burniſh'd Coulter yields,
Scatters mock-Harveſts o'er the blaſted Fields:
Derides the Toil of the induſtrious Swain;
And, where his Hand had ſtrew'd the hopeful [Grain,
In empty Huſks, returns it back again.
Affrighted *Egypt*, o'er her dwindled Heaps,
The dire Calamity prefaging, weeps:
The ſcanty Remnants of her laviſh'd Stores,
Her former Waſte, and Luxury deplores.

Grim

Grim Want has now the ſole Poſſeſſion gain'd;
Each private Store of mourning *Egypt* drain'd.
In Fields, and Woods, her ſtarving Natives roam,
Intent on Nature's caſual Bounty; ſome
Venture ev'n Herbs of pois'nous Juice to taſte;
And, in th' inſidious Viand, eat their laſt.

Nor did in *Zoan*'s Fields alone, the Soil,
With blaſted Crops, deceive the Ploughman's Toil.
An Univerſal Famine round is ſpread,
And diſtant Lands from *Egypt* ſeek their Bread.

Among the ſtarving Crowds, that daily ſu'd
To *Pharaoh*'s Bounty for Supply of Food,
Came *Jacob*'s Sons, commanded to implore
Timely Relief to the declining Store
Of their ſad Houſhold: *Benjamin* alone
Reſerv'd, becauſe the laſt ſurviving Son,

And

And only Pledge of lovely *Rachel*'s Bed,
Since he ſuppos'd his Fav'rite *Joſeph* dead.

Their Wants, and *Jacob*'s Pleaſure they obey;
And ſtrait, for *Egypt*, take their doubtful Way.
Where, ere they can partake the plenteous Hoard,
They are conducted to her prudent *Lord:*
Whoſe Care and Province 'tis alone, to give
What might beſeeching *Aliens* Wants relieve.
With low Obeiſance they their humble Suit
Prefer, and ſupplicate for a Recruit.

Joſeph, altho' to their unwary View
Oppos'd, to them unknown, his Brethren knew.
Whom tho' he longs, with friendly Arms, t'em-
A ſeeming Paſſion threatens in his Face. [brace,

With deep Concern his borrow'd Shyneſs ſtruck
Their fainting Hearts. When *Judah* thus beſpoke

His patient Ear: ‘ *Canaan*'s once fruitful Plains,
‘ Where Famine now, and Deſolation reigns,
‘ Own us their Natives. Hither drove by Want
‘ We ſeek that Succour, you vouchſafe to grant
‘ To famiſh'd *Strangers*. Such th'unhappy Caſe
‘ Is of our ſtarving Family: Unleſs
‘ You grant us to exchange our Gold for Corn,
‘ We muſt to Death the Diſappointment mourn.

Again his Brethren, he, with buſie Eyes
Surveys; and next, to *Judah* thus replies:
‘ That hungry Dearth extends her waſteful Hand
‘ Beyond the Confines of this mourning Land,
‘ The loud Complaints, and numerous Reſort
‘ Of Strangers ſhews; who daily croud the Court.
‘ Each for *himſelf*, or diſtant *Friends*, implores
‘ To ſhare the Bleſſing of great *Pharaoh*'s Stores:

‘ But

'But your Approach, in this confed'rate Band,
'Is not t'implore Relief, but to demand.
'Nor does this Charge to reach your Crime ſuffice,
'But I ſuſpect, and do pronounce you *Spies*.
This forc'd Suſpicion to their troubled Thought,
And their long dormant Recollection, brought
The Guilt of *Joſeph*'s Wrongs. But *Reuben*, free
From the Contagion of their Treachery,
With honeſt Boldneſs, undertook to plead
Their almoſt baffled Cauſe; when thus he ſaid:
'Let not, my Lord, our Number give Offence.
''Tis filial *Duty*, and not *Inſolence*,
'By which compell'd, in this ſuſpected Band,
'We ſeek the Bounty of your happier Land.
'One Father Us begat; whoſe high Renown
'Is to the Land of *Canaan* not unknown.
'His, and our tender Offspring's wiſh'd Support,
'Is our ſole Impulſe to your ſhining Court.

'Were our Deſigns ſuch as your Princely Grace
'Suſpects, we ſhould not dare, with open Face
'To truſt our ſelves to this frequented Place.
'Inſidious Men, like hungry Beaſts of Prey,
'Do ſingly take an unfrequented Way;
'Secure in Darkneſs, but afraid of Day.
'Not ſo our Practice. Yonder Glorious Sun
'Does ſcarce more publicly his Circuit run,
'Than we together drove, with Hope to find
'Your Lordſhip to redreſs our Wants inclin'd.

Still, with Pretext of Scruple, *Joſeph* hears
Reuben's Defence, t'encreaſe their cauſeleſs Fears.
When thus he ſpake: 'Did Truth your Words [attend,
'I would not be unwillingly your Friend.
'But you, th'objected Charge of *Spies* t'elude,
'Your ill-wrought Fictions on my Ears obtrude.

'For

'For, can you me ſo credulous believe,
'To acquieſce in this Account, you give
'Of your Concerns? Your manly Limbs I ſee
'Conſiſtent with a numerous Progeny:
'But that y'are one Man's Sons, is a Deceit,
'Both for my Patience, and my Faith too great.

Reuben, with humbleſt Reverence, implor'd
His kind Permiſſion to proceed: 'My Lord,
'We muſt deſpair to ſatisfie all Doubt,
'Seeing our Evidence is ſo remote,
'As *Canaan*, from your happy Land. If e'er
'You Truth from Man expect; what I aver
'Imports no leſs. Tho' thus mature you ſee
'Our manly Limbs, we're one Man's Progeny;
'Whom God in Health and Vigour yet ſuſtains,
'In *Canaan*'s barren and ungrateful Plains.

'More could I ſay: But that, your Princely Mind
'I ſee ſo much to Diffidence inclin'd;
'I leſs expect Belief, ſhould I avow,
'Of all his Sons, our Number ſhort, by *Two*.
'Once *Twelve* we were. One by diſaſt'rous Fate,
'Long ſince has paid relentleſs Nature's Debt;
'Whoſe unexpected Death in bitter Groans,
'Our drooping *Sire* inceſſantly bemoans.
'That Loſs, as far as able, to repair,
'He makes his *youngeſt Son* his chiefeſt Care;
'Elſe a Companion in our Suit he'ad been:
'And you the lateſt of his Hopes had ſeen.

Joſeph, tho' tender of his Father's Peace,
Could not decline the promis'd Happineſs,
On his lov'd Brother *Benjamin* to gaze:
And old unwilling *Iſrael*, a while
Of his indulg'd Careſſes, to beguile.

Till,

Till, by mature Diſcovery, their Eyes,
And more aſtoniſh'd Ears, he could ſurprize
With his true Likeneſs, and th' auſpicious Means,
Of his Releaſe from Slavery, and Chains.
Next, his ſad *Father* to revive, at once,
With th' unexpected ſight of *both* his *Sons*.
Which thus he does attempt. 'If you, ſays he,
'Deſign to prove your boaſted Probity;
'Be this the Inſtance. Let the youngeſt Son,
'Whom you pretend your Father doats upon,
'Be the Companion of your next Approach;
'Or, by the Life of *Pharaoh*, you are ſuch
'As I preſume. If him you do produce,
'Nor this my Clemency with Fraud abuſe,
'Believe me, by great *Pharaoh*'s Life I ſwear,
'You ſhall ſuſtain no Loſs, no Damage here.
'Mean while, One of your Number I demand,
'A Pledge; 'till you ſhall viſit next this Land.

Then *Simeon* in their Preſence bound, he choſe
To be the *Hoſtage* for his Father's Houſe.

This ſo their drowſie Conſciences awoke,
For *Joſeph*'s Wrongs with guilty Terror ſtruck;
That, in his Preſence, they the Crime expoſe;
And thus, unwarily, themſelves accuſe:
" Relentleſs we, when *Joſeph*'s earneſt Pray'rs
" Made humble Suit, to our obdurate Ears,
" His Cries contemn'd, and ſpurn'd his falling [Tears.
" But now *Juſt Heav'n*, on our obnoxious Heads,
" Appropriate to our Guilt, his Vengeance ſheds.
" Him we conſign'd to mournful *Bondage*: We,
" (*Simeon* in Bonds,) bewail ev'n *Liberty*.
" Ag'd *Iſrael* with Impoſture we deceiv'd.
" And now, tho' Truth we ſpeak, we're not [bel iv'd.
" Unmov'd we heard his Groans, ſaw his Diſtreſs:
" Our juſter Sorrows now find no Redreſs.

When

When *Reuben*, clear of that opprobrious Deed,
In Angry Terms did their Remorſe upbraid:
'Too late you ſee your Error; which, nor I,
'Nor all th'Intreaties of the *Injur'd Boy*;
'Nor conſcious Stain of Guilt could pacifie.
'When in your Hands the trembling Victim wept,
'Then was the Time theſe Ills to have eſcap'd.

Joſeph their deep Concern with Pity hears,
Nor can ſuppreſs th'unruly Force of Tears.
But leſt theſe Signs of Sorrow ſhould betray
His Senſe of what they ſaid, he turn'd away:
Wondring he could, betwixt each falling Tear,
Be ſo compaſſionate, and ſo ſevere.

The humid Marks of Sorrow from his Eyes
He wipes away, and privately ſupplies

Their

Their preſent Wants. Their Beaſts his Servants load
With ſtore of Provender, and Houſhold Food.
To each their proper Burden he divides,
And in their ſeveral Stores their *Money* hides:
This done, to's thoughtful Brethren he returns,
And, till their Hunger's ſecond Call, adjourns
Their next Appearance: Urging, if they car'd
For *Simeon*'s Safety, they muſt have Regard
To the Conditions of his wiſh'd Reprieve:
At which, with low Conſent, they take their Leave.

Now homeward each, with mixt Succeſs allay'd,
From *Egypt*'s Bounds, the luſcious Store convey'd.
When, on their mournful Way, a freſh Surprize,
With ſudden Fright aſtoniſhes their Eyes.
For he, to whom pertain'd the proper Care
Of their own Viands, and the Provender;

When,

When, to revive their fainting Hearts, and bait
Their weary'd Beasts, he had unty'd his *Fraight*,
With wild Concern, in their Provision bound,
The very Sum, he thought expended, found.
Fresh Horrors then their startled Minds alarm,
With Panick Boadings of impending Harm.
Now for *Themselves*, now they for *Simeon* fear;
And unmolested, fancy Danger near.
Doubtful awhile, and unresolv'd they stand,
Whether for *Canaan*, or th' *Egyptian Land*:
Simeon's suspected Dangers, *this* perswade,
Till *Jacob*'s, and their *Offspring*'s want of Bread
Press hard upon their late recover'd Sense,
To follow first the weightiest Exigence.
At length the former Purpose they resume,
And to expecting *Israel* they come.
Soon as on them the *Patriarch* cast his Eyes,
Finding their Number short, with great Surprize,
Where is my Son, my *Simeon*? strait he cries.

With wild Confuſion they the Subſtance tell
Of all that, in their Abſence, them befell;
Of their Reception with the *Preſident*,
Of *Simeon*'s Bonds, and ſad Impriſonment;
Their preſent Sorrows, the unfiniſh'd Ills,
Which each one by Anticipation feels,
From th' unexpected Sum which, homeward [bound,
One of the Brothers in his Burden found.

The Rev'rend *Patriarch*, with deep Concern,
Preſt the ſad Cauſe of *Simeon*'s Bonds to learn.
When *Levi* did th' unpleaſant Task aſſume: —
'Soon as to *Egypt*'s *Governor* we come,
'The bounteous Favour we of him implore,
'Which he to *Strangers* had vouchſaf'd before.
'Our Number he ſurvey'd with jealous Eyes,
'And took us not for *Supplicants*, but *Spies*.

'Him

'Him *Reuben* anſwer'd, humbly bowing down:
'Thy Servants Brethren are, the Sons of One
'Throughout the Land of *Canaan* ſcarce un-[known.
'At this he paus'd, and hardly would believe,
'You could our full Maturity ſurvive.
'*Reuben* affirm'd, our Number, then in view,
'Was ſhort of our juſt Complement, by *Two*;
'Including *Joſeph*; whoſe unhappy Fate
'He to the Jealous *Noble* did relate.
'That you, to qualifie your *Joſeph*'s Loſs,
'His *younger Brother* your Companion choſe.
'Thus far the *Governor*, with Patience, hears.
'But whether only to improve our Fears,
'Or thro' Diſtruſt of Fiction, did demand
'The Sight of *Benjamin*, when next his Land
'We ſhould reviſit: *Simeon* next he choſe,
'There to remain an *Hoſtage* for our Houſe.

With

With many Sorrows purchas'd, they unty'd
Their ſeveral Stores, where each his Sum deſcry'd.
Th' unlook'd for Treaſure with new Doubts alarms
Their troubled Breaſts, and of all Strength diſarms.
Silent they ſtand; 'till *Iſrael* thus bemoans
His wretched ſelf, and his loſt *Pair of Sons*:
'Oh fickle Life, mixt with what ſour Alloy,
'Do we thy ſweeteſt Benefits enjoy!
'*Joſeph*, late Prop of my declining Years,
'The hourly Cauſe of my devoted Tears;
'How immaturely wert thou ſnatch'd away,
'(Too rich a Bait) by cruel *Beaſts of Prey!*
'Whoſe Salvage Nature moſt itſelf betray'd,
'When on that lovely Innocent they prey'd.
'*Simeon*, by Fraud, to painful Bonds conſtrain'd,
'Lives a ſad Exile in a Foreign Land:
'If yet he lives! And can you hope, that I
'Will to their Fates expoſe my tender *Boy*,

'My

'My *Benjamin?* No, *Rachel*, more I owe
'To thy dear Mem'ry, than to let him go.
'*Joſeph*, thy other Pledge, untimely loſt,
'In a rough Tempeſt has my Senſes toſt.
'Ere to the ſmalleſt Dangers I'll reſign
'His lov'd *Survivor*, *Joſeph*'s Fate be mine!
'But you, *my Sons*, regardleſs of my Peace,
'Would cloud the ſhort Remainder of my Days
'In freſh Diſaſters; and this *Youth* expoſe,
'But moſt his hapleſs *Sire*, to future Woes.

Then *Reuben*: 'Sir, how much ſoe'er we ſeem
'To want of due Regard, in your Eſteem;
'I dare affirm, thoſe Tears which you let fall,
'With equal Weight of Grief, affect Us all.
'Whilſt you for *Sons*, we do for *Brothers* grieve:
'For *Joſeph*, ah! too late: For *Simeon* yet alive;

'Becauſe

‘ Becauſe to Bonds conſtrain'd. Paternal Care
‘ Extends alike to Us in this Affair.
‘ To Us, no leſs than to your ſelf, kind Heav'n
‘ The Hopes of future Multitude has giv'n.
‘ Yet I reſolve, my Pair of Sons ſhall wait
‘ Th'uncertain Iſſue of their Uncles Fate.
‘ If ought to *Benjamin* of luckleſs Chance
‘ Befal: If *Simeon*'s Deliverance
‘ You ſee not; *Theſe* ſhall for their Ills atone
‘ With Loſs of Life, more valu'd than my own.

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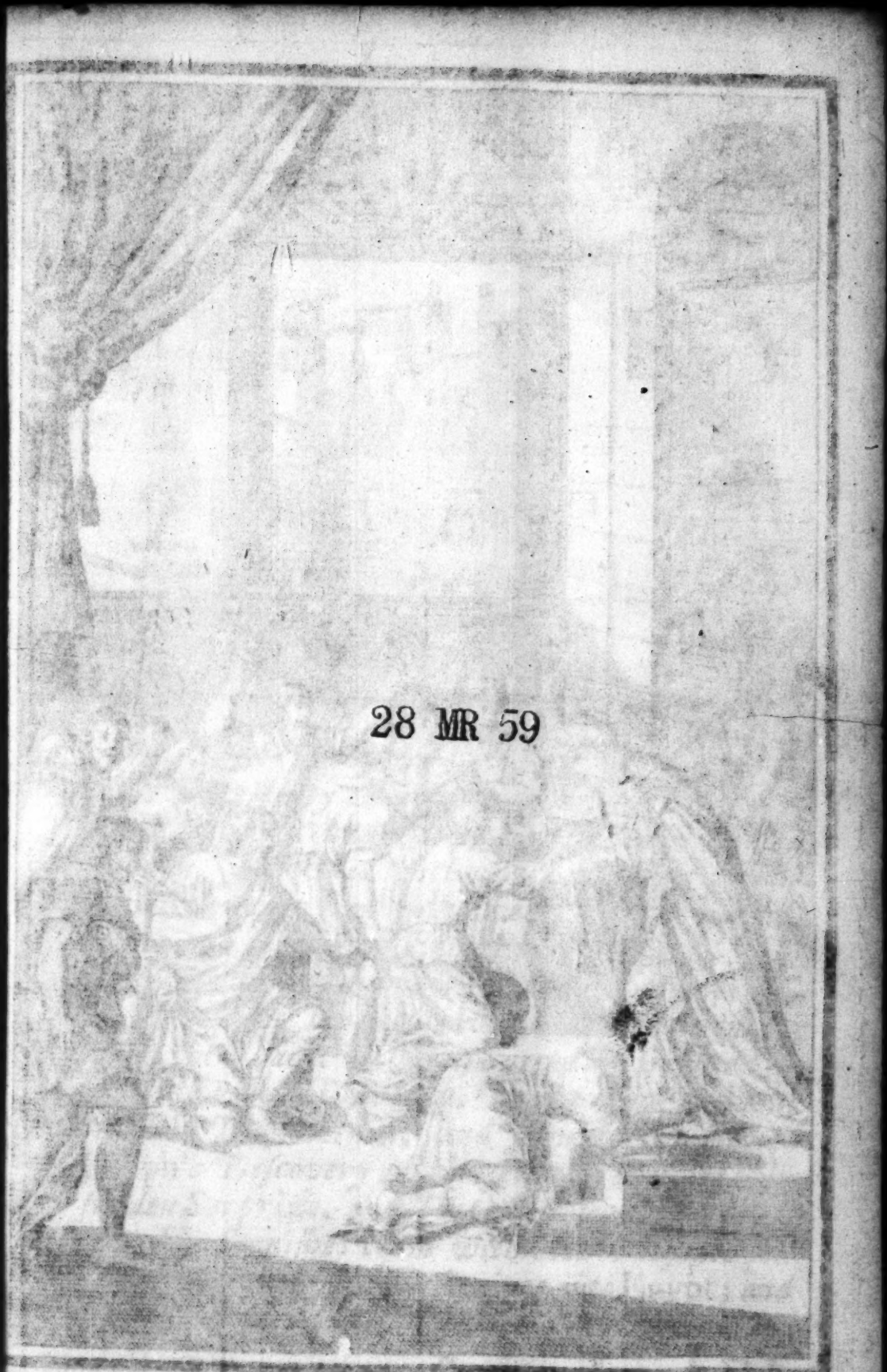

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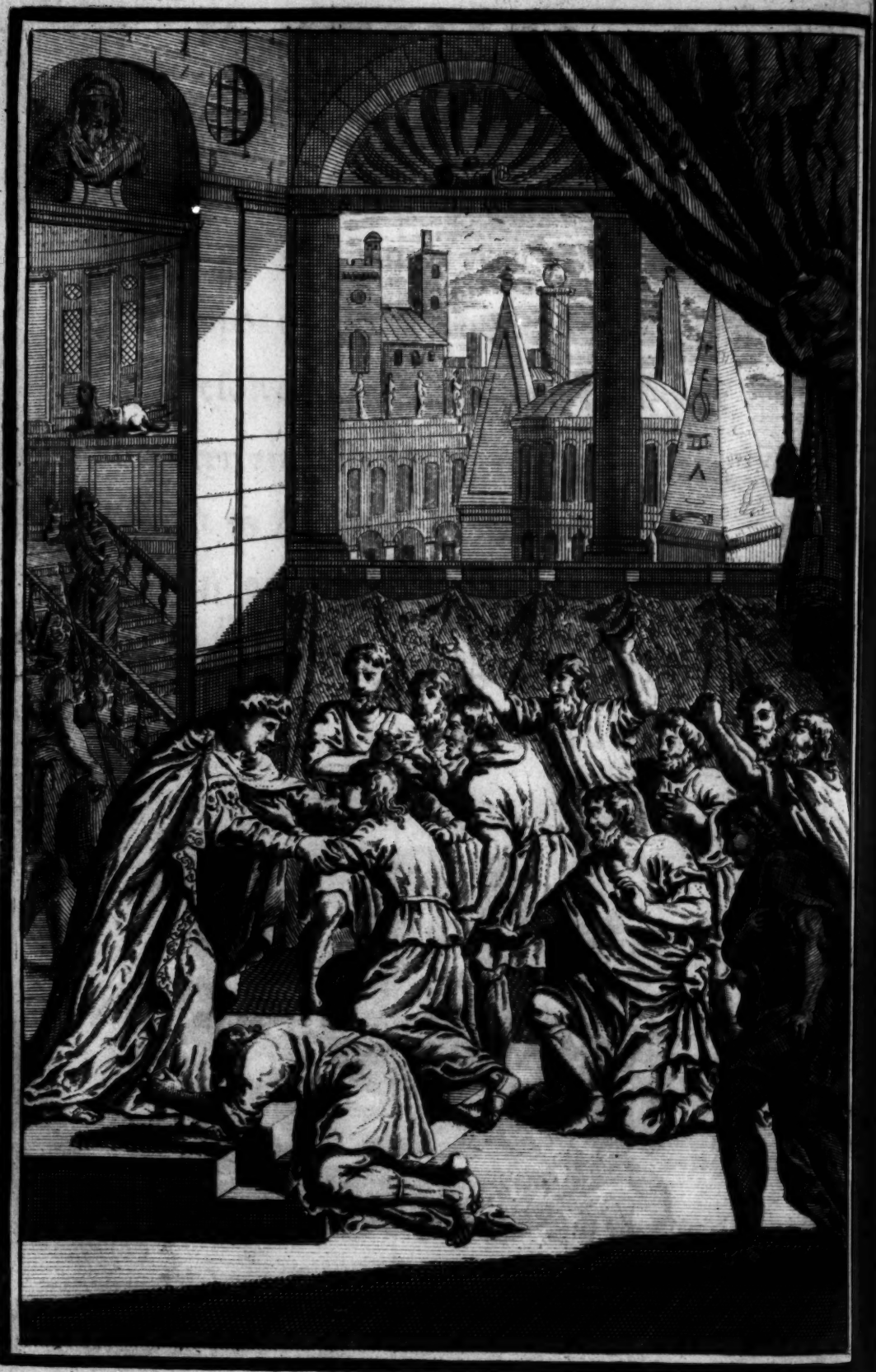

F. Boitard inv.

E. Kirkall sc.

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p. 129.

THE HISTORY OF JOSEPH.

BOOK V.

The ARGUMENT.

Jacob's *Perplexity about the ſending his Son* Benjamin. Judah *undertakes for his Safety, and Return.* Jacob *is with much Difficulty prevailed on to let him go. Their Arrival in* Egypt, *and ſubmiſſive Behaviour to* Joſeph. *He orders an Entertainment for them, and ſo diſmiſſes them. He contrives by Stratagem to bring them back. They are greatly afrighted at the Diſcovery of his Cup, in the Sack of* Benjamin. *They return, and ſubmit themſelves.* Joſeph's *Diſcovery of himſelf to them. Their ſudden Surprize, and Joy that followed thereupon. He furniſhes them with rich Preſents for their Father, whom he invites into* Egypt; *and ſends them Home.*

WITH frugal Thrift they carefully employ
That Store, which they, not without Pain, enjoy.
For tho' the luſcious Chear refreſh'd their Souls,
Its now declining Maſs their Eaſe controuls:
Partly, to think that their Support ſhould be
Purchas'd with *Simeon*'s ſore Captivity;
And, that the Price muſt be, of future Gain,
Benjamin's Hazard, and good *Iſrael*'s Pain.
But chiefly, now their near exhauſted Store
Demands, in haſte, to be ſupply'd with more;
The ſtrict *Dilemma* leaves them no Reſerve,
But they to *Egypt* muſt return; or ſtarve:

Innate

Innate Concern for Life's Support declines
The latter, and no leſs the firſt injoins.
Yet from his late Averſeneſs to embrace
The fixt Condition of their wiſh'd Redreſs,
It does a Work of equal Hope appear,
With Famine to contend, as *Jacob*'s Fear.

But more intenſe Perplexities moleſt
The ſoft Repoſe of gentle *Iſrael*'s Breaſt.
To him, not all the Grain of *Egypt*'s Hord,
Not *Pharaoh*'s Wealth, Contentment can afford:
No Comfort he can in full Tables find;
Each Morſel brings the *Captive Son* to Mind.
'This Bread, he cries, which ſhould my Life ſuſtain,
'Afflicts my Life with complicated Pain.
'In ev'ry Meal of this dear-purchas'd Food,
'We eat the Price of abſent *Simeon*'s Blood.

'What leſs imports your Mony re-convey'd,
'But that my *Son* has the whole Charge defray'd?
'And now, with Grief enjoy'd, our dwindled Store
'Admoniſhes 'tis Time to ſeek for more.
'Our Land the poor Remainder of her Grain
[in vain.
'Long ſince has ſpent, and hop'd more Crops
'Where then, alas! ſhall we freſh Succour find,
'If not in *Egypt*, bounteous, and unkind?
'Try then once more, if yet her *generous Lord*
'Will a Supply, on *gentler Terms*, afford.

[t'aſſign,
Then *Judah*: 'Sir, the Task you're pleas'd
'Your Pleaſure, and this Exigence injoin.
'No leſs our Duty, than returning Need,
'Commands a ſeaſonable Search of Bread.
'Nor aught to *Egypt* interrupts our Way,
'If *Benjamin* you will permit t'obey

'The

'The Invitation of her bounteous Lord;
'This *Simeon*'s Safety, this our ſolemn Word
'Do equally engage. If you decline
'To let him go, we muſt all Hope reſign,
'To certain Loſs of *Egypt*'s hoarded Grain,
'Which, *Him* deny'd, we ſhall implore in vain.
'For, taking Leave, this was his laſt Command:
'If you the future Bounty of this Land,
'If you my future Favours prize; let me,
'Or ſee your Brother, or your ſelves not ſee.

But *Iſrael*: 'O relentleſs, and unwiſe!
'Was there no Hope t'elude the Charge of *Spies*?
'None but your Brother *Benjamin*? Muſt he
'The Voucher of your fraudleſs Meſſage be?
'I wonder, ſince of Argument ſo poor
'Your Fears had left you, that the Governor

'Thought not your Cauſe as weak, as your De-
[fence;
'Alike remote from Probity, and Senſe.

Judah reply'd: 'When with a Look ſevere,
'The Preſident had urg'd us to declare
'Our Houſhold State; was't obvious to divine
'That, ſoon as nam'd, he'd challenge *Benjamin?*
'If too minute Diſcovery we made,
'We were thereto by Hopes of Safety led:
'That, on Enquiry, he might learn our State
'To be no other than we did relate;
'And, of our Faith aſſur'd, at future Need,
'Redreſs our Cares, our ſtarving Houſholds feed.
'Had we not linger'd, ere this time, we'd brought
'A ſecond Plenty: eas'd your preſent Doubt
'Of *Simeon*'s State; and *Benjamin* reſtor'd,
'Rich in the Favours of great *Egypt*'s Lord.—

Com-

'Commit to me the Lad. On him alone
'Our Hopes of Bread depend. Your Captive Son
'By him alone muſt be reſtor'd. We may
'As well to barren Deſarts chuſe our Way,
'As *Egypt*; if you *Benjamin* deny:
'Whoſe Preſence only gains our next Supply.—
'If aught of Miſchief, in this great Concern,
'Attend the Lad, if he not ſafe return:
'All his Misfortunes may I doubly bear,
'The laſting Marks of your Diſpleaſure wear;
'And of your Pardon endleſly deſpair!

Then *Iſrael*: 'How perplexing is the State
'Of your afflicted *Sire*, in this Debate!
'If *Benjamin* I venture, I expoſe
'The Boy to Danger: Him denying, loſe
'The wiſh'd Support of my declining Houſe.

'Thus I invite thoſe Ills I fain would 'ſcape,
'Encroaching Death in his moſt ghaſtly Shape,
'Ally'd to Famine: Nor ſhall fall alone;
'But die, my ſtarving Houſhold looking on.
'Better, I ſhould to doubtful Harms betray
'The Lad, than yield him, if with me he ſtay,
'To certain Sufferance of the Ills I dread;
'With Hunger pinch'd, and deſtitute of Bread.
'Take then, he cries, the Youth. With equal Care
'Regard his Safety, as my own. Beware
'The future Trips of an unguarded Tongue:
'And do your ſelves, and me, no ſecond Wrong.
'Nor empty take your Way. Bear in your Hand,
'The only Product of our blaſted Land.
'Balm, Almonds, Nutts, Myrrh, Spice, the liquid [Store
'Of Bee induſtrious, to the Governor.
'With theſe expreſs your Senſe of former Good
'By him conferr'd: If ſo they're underſtood,
'They

'They may to Mercy bend his generous Mind,
'And make him to our Wants and Wiſhes kind.
'A double Weight of Silver with you take,
'With Part you'll rectifie the late Miſtake,
'Whate'er it was. With t'other Part you'll pay
'For the freſh Succours, that you bring away.
'And may the Ruler of all Hearts incline
'The Preſident to favour *Benjamin*:
'Poor *Simeon* from his Bonds and Grief releaſe,
'And to my Hopes, reſtore you all, in Peace.
'But if wiſe Heav'n has otherwiſe decreed:
'And *Benjamin*'s muſt *Simeon*'s Loſs ſucceed;
'I both, with humble Gratitude, reſign
'Into his Bounteous Hands, that made them mine.

Furniſh'd as cautious *Iſrael* gave Command,
Safely they reach the Hoſpitable Land;

Whoſe

Whoſe Generous Lord they find, with ready Care
Attentive to the Wants, the needy Pray'r
Of ſtarving Multitudes, that to his Court
Did daily from remoteſt Lands reſort.
To Him they modeſtly themſelves preſent,
And make, in *Jacob*'s Name, their Complement.
'Mongſt whom young *Benjamin* conſpicuous ſtands,
Bearing their Father's Preſent in his Hands.
The welcome Preſence of th'expected Boy,
To *Joſeph*'s Breaſt conveys a ſudden Joy:
Who, with a ſecret Smile, Inſtruction gave
To th'Steward of his Houſhold, to receive
Theſe Strangers to his Hoſpitable Care:
A ſplendid Banquet at his Houſe prepare:
Himſelf, ere Mid-day, would attend them there.

Strait they're to *Joſeph*'s chief Apartment brought,
Not without great Perplexity of Thought,

At

At a Reception differing from the laſt;
As Sunſhine from a Day with Clouds o'ercaſt:
Which yet they fear'd, in ruffling Storms would [ſet;
And new Diſaſters all their Hopes defeat.
When they their Leader in theſe Terms beſpoke:
'O, Sir, as late our way we Homeward took;
'By what Miſtake we cannot gueſs, we found,
'In each Man's Sack our ſeveral Monies bound.
'Which, for our late Subſiſtence, we reſtore;
'And, for our next Supplies, have brought you [more.
'Think not we love, or ſtand in need of Fraud.
'Religiouſly we ſerve a Bounteous God:
'Bleſt by whoſe Providence, we Nought did
'Till this uncommon Scarcity of Bread. [ne d,

To them the *Steward*: 'Ceaſe theſe Scruples, I
'Receiv'd the Purchace of your laſt Supply.

'If

'If aught occurr'd above th' expected Load,
'Aſcribe it to the Bounty of your God.
This ſaid, from his Confinement, he relieves
Simeon; whoſe Countenance Aſſurance gives,
That he had been (not, as they deem'd, oppreſs'd
With mournful Bondage) but a welcome Gueſt.

Mean while the buſie Murmur reach'd their [Ear
Of *Joſeph*'s Entry. They themſelves prepare
For his Approach; to whom ſubmiſſive they,
In *Iſrael*'s Name, Obedient Homage pay;
And humbly at his Feet the Preſent lay.
Thus executing, what th' Eternal Mind,
In *Joſeph*'s controverted Dreams, deſign'd:
When, to his *Sheaf*, with Reverence profound
His Brethrens *Sheaves* fell proſtrate on the [Ground:
When, in their Airy Circuits, he beheld
Sun, *Moon* and *Stars*, to him Obeiſance yield.

Joſeph

Joseph their Preſent candidly receives;
And asks, if yet their Ancient Father lives:
The marvellous old Man! ſtill breaths he, free
From waſting Sickneſs' dire Inclemency?
When they: 'Our Sire, thy Servant, yet ſurvives
'The Grave's Expectance, Heav'n be prais'd! and [lives
'Free from the Threat'nings of his lateſt Breath,
'Sav'd, by your Bounty, from impending Death.
Then caſting, with a ſmiling Glance, his Eye
On *Benjamin*; whom by the neareſt Tye
Of Brotherhood, he inward own'd; he ſaid:
'Is this the Fav'rite Son, the happy Lad,
'Your Father's Care? May Heav'n propitious ſhed,
'My Son, his richeſt Bleſſings on thy Head.

Whilſt thus he perſonates the Stranger, ſcarce
Could he reſtrain the Force of riſing Tears,

Effects

Effects of eager Joy. For Tears, we know,
Tho' from one Source, for different Cauſes flow:
And ſometimes, (tho' the Genuine Signs of Grief,)
Do, in Exceſs of *Joy*, afford Relief.
Abruptly therefore he their Preſence leaves,
And to the briny Show'r free Paſſage gives.
Nor them reviſits, till he had ſuppreſt
Thoſe Floods of Joy, and calm'd his lab'ring Breaſt.
Then entring, Orders gives, with Speed to load
The Board with Dainties, and uncommon Food:
Whilſt for his *Gueſts*, by different Cuſtoms led,
A Table, from his own diſtinct, is ſpread.
Each, as by Birth directed, takes his Place.
The *Tribes* with Wonder on each other gaze.
Joſeph to each a handſom Portion ſends,
Whoſe Taſte his Bounty, and its Worth commends.
But when to *Benjamin*, his youngeſt Gueſt,
The prudent Donor of the ſplendid Feaſt

His

His Portion recommends; the Lordly Boon
Exceeds each others Meaſure, Five for One.
Perhaps we not erroneouſly deſcry,
He, by ſuch forc'd Diſtinction, meant to try
If ought of *Envy* in their Breaſts ſurviv'd;
The *Vice*, that had his lucky Ills contriv'd.
But they, whether grim Want had tam'd their Mind,
Or *Joſeph*'s Act, above their Wiſhes, kind;
His partial Bounty unaffected ſee
With any Motion, but Complacency.

Doubly refreſh'd, with th' animating Treat,
And higher valu'd Welcome, which they meet;
The fated Gueſts quit the now uſeleſs Board,
To thank the Bounty of their generous Lord:
Whoſe unexhauſted Courteſie proceeds,
With Store to obviate their Domeſtic Needs.

Yet

Yet deems it meet to mix with ſome Alloy,
Their yet (if him they priz'd) unfiniſh'd Joy.
For now Diſcovery, mature for Birth,
Strove, from his lab'ring Breaſt, to ſally forth,
And teach them (whom a Stranger they believ'd,)
From *Jacob*'s Blood, his Origin deriv'd.

His Steward Party in his Plot he makes;
Who thus the friendly Project undertakes:
Into their Sacks, big with th' important Fraight
Of pond'rous Grain, he privately convey'd
Their ſeveral Sums. In *Benjamin*'s, beſides
His Mony ſtow'd, his Maſter's *Cup* he hides.
On this the Streſs of their new Project lay:
That, as for *Canaan* they ſhould take their Way,
This Fraud might palliate their contriv'd Delay.

And now by Morning's Dawn, his happy Gueſts
Were homeward driving their well laden Beaſts,

When, close pursu'd, these jarring Sounds they heard;

'Bear you to Gratitude such slight Regard,
'To rob my Lord; to whose auspicious Hand
'You owe your Bread? At this they make a Stand;
To their Pursuer, in these Terms, reply:
'Far be such Guilt from us your Servants! Why
'Pursues my Lord, with these opprobrious Thoughts,
'Our guiltless Tribe, and of our Virtue doubts?
'Our late discover'd Mony we restor'd;
'Nor fail'd for this Supply to pay my Lord.
'But if this Instance don't suffice t'evince
'Our Probity; for us let common Sense
'Of Int'rest plead: My Lord our Wants supplies,
'On him our Hope of future Aid relies.
'How could we then pursue such sordid Ends,
'And to our selves become no better Friends;
'Than rob the Man, on whom our Life de- pends?

But he: ‘My Friends, I deem it leſs abſurd
‘ To count you falſe, than disbelieve my Lord,
‘ Whoſe Divinations are ſo widely known,
‘ So publicly rever'd; that what you've done
‘ Imports you Strangers to his Fame and Skill:
‘ Nor had you dar'd his Goblet to conceal,
‘ Knew you its Virtue, certain to diſpenſe
‘ Of ſecret Frauds the beſt Intelligence.

Their noble Breaſts a ſtrange Reſentment felt,
To be ſuſpected of ſo loath'd a Guilt.
When they, of Probity ſecure, reply:
‘ Let the Offender without Mercy die,
‘ Whoe'er he be; and may the reſt, with Pain,
‘ The galling Load of Servitude ſuſtain.

But he: ‘ Th' Offender only ſhall attone
‘ His Guilt, and bear his Chaſtiſement alone.

‘ Whoſe

'Whoſe Compenſation for the Fact ſhall be,
'Not loſs of Life; but loſs of Liberty.

With trembling Nerves, in anxious Haſte, they [looſe
Each Man his Burden, and their Stores expoſe.
When, O Surprize! with *Benjamin* appears
The fraudleſs Theft. Each Face the Symptoms [wears
Of ſudden Horror, and of new-born Cares.
Wild with Concern, prepar'd for any Fate,
The City they, with Haſte precipitate,
Reviſit. Fond to know their lateſt Doom;
On paſſive Wrongs intent, to *Joſeph*'s Houſe they [come.
With Bodies proſtrate at his Feet they mourn;
And tell th' unhappy Cauſe of their Return.
He, conſcious of their empty Fears, thus ſaid:
'What giddy Raſhneſs made you not afraid,
'With ſacrilegious Hands, to bear away
'My Magic Cup; and to my Skill betray

'Th' ungrateful Project? Know you not, that I,
'By Divination can ſuch Frauds deſcry?

Judah, whoſe Importunity had ſway'd
Reluctant *Iſrael* to commit the Lad
To his Tuition from ſuggeſted Harm,
With Apprehenſion of his Danger, warm,
And Recollection of his *Vow*, aſſay'd
Or to reverſe, or ſhare his Brother's Fate.
When, in pathetic Terms, he thus began
To court the Favour of the Godlike Man:
'What Words, what Arguments ſhall we employ,
'T'acquit *our ſelves*, or this unhappy *Boy*!
'Charg'd by my Lord, ſhould we the Fact diſown,
'Were moſt ſeverely to reflect upon
'Our Modeſty; nor leſs t'enhance the Guilt,
'Before my Lord, in Divinations ſkill'd.

‘ Juſt Heav'n, his often violated Laws
‘ Deigns, in this Fact, to puniſh; and his Cauſe
‘ To you aſſigns. Arraign'd by Heav'n, we ſtand
‘ Obnoxious to the Terrors of your Hand.

But *Joſeph*: ‘ Heav'n, who partial Juſtice hates,
‘ Purſues the *Nocent* only; and acquits
‘ The *Guiltleſs*. I his Precedent obey.
‘ To *Canaan*, unmoleſted, take your Way;
‘ The *Criminal* alone with me ſhall ſtay.

Abruptly *Judah* does his Speech reſume:
‘ Such Mercy ſerves but to encreaſe our Doom.
‘ Our Brother here detain'd, our Liberty
‘ The very State of Vagabonds will be.
‘ For, hence diſmiſt, we muſt with Sorrow roam,
‘ And truſt our ſelves to any Place, but Home;
‘ Whither, without the Youth, we dare not [come.

‘ Pardon, great Sir, if I the Cauſe rehearſe,
‘ Tho' ſomewhat tedious, to your Clement Ears,
‘ Of our Concern: nor trivial think our Fears.
‘ When late your Goodneſs did vouchſafe to grant
‘ Bounteous Redreſs to our imploring Want,
‘ It was your noble Pleaſure, firſt to learn
‘ Our private State; and, at our next Return,
‘ Require our *youngeſt Brother*'s Preſence. We
‘ Inform'd my Lord how difficult 'twould be,
‘ Of our fond Sire, t' obtain ſo harſh a Boon,
‘ Depriv'd already of one *Fav'rite Son.*
‘ Nor err'd we. For when we your Meſſage told,
‘ What Signs of Sorrow did we not behold,
‘ Mark'd in his Reverend Face. Hath God, ſaid he,
‘ Preſerv'd my Age for further Miſery?
‘ Is't not enough I've loſt one darling Son;
‘ But this, by my Conſent, muſt be undone?

'That fell by th'Rage of hungry Beasts of Prey.
'To no less Hazards shall I *this* betray?
'Am I too happy, whilst this Lad survives
'His Fate; and, unexpos'd to Danger, lives?
'Resolv'd, 'till with fresh Want alarm'd, he stood:
'What time our baffled Onset I renew'd;
'Told him, if he pursuing Death would fly,
'He must awhile forego the Presence of the Boy
'I, for his Safety, would all Hazards run;
'And sooner yield my Self to be undone,
'Than the minutest Wrongs should touch his Son.
'At length, with *Importunity* assail'd,
'My promis'd Conduct o'er his Doubts prevail'd.
'But, by the Bonds of Filial Love, h'adjur'd
'Me, nicely to observe my solemn Word.
'For; know, the Remnant of my Days depends
'On his, says he; or, with his Safety, ends.

'O, widow'd *Iſrael!* may no boading Thought
'Be, to thy Mind, of this Diſaſter brought.
'For, ſhouldſt thou know thy *Benjamin*'s Concern,
'We, in a *Brother*, muſt a *Father* mourn.
'Tis, Sir, in you his Sentence to recall,
'Would you vouchſafe t' exchange the Criminal.
'Be mine alone my hapleſs Brother's Doom:
'I to my ſelf th' ungrateful Deed aſſume:
'For, at my Inſtance, had he not been preſt
'On our Concern; the Boy had not tranſgreſt.
'And ſince your Mercy challenges but One,
'Whoſe Loſs of Freedom muſt this Fact attone;
'I can ſuſtain my Chaſtiſement alone.
'But if on *him* your threat'ned Vengeance fall,
'You, in his Sentence, muſt include us all:
'Thus moſt you puniſh, whom you mean to ſpare,
'Leſs to the Guilty, than the Juſt ſevere.

'The

'The *Criminal* in Bonds your Rigour feels,
'Yet lives: The *Innocent* your Mercy kills.

Joseph no longer could the Fraud abide,
That, in the *Stateſman*, did the *Brother* hide:
But haſt'ned to diſcloſe th'amazing Truth,
To their aſtoniſh'd Ears, that he was *Both*.
And ſince the Strength of their Conviction lay
In Facts, that would their ſecret Guilt diſplay;
Leſt any, but themſelves, ſhould conſcious be
To what concern'd them, in his Hiſtory:
Th'attending Throng, commanded to retreat,
Obſequious to the Charge, his Preſence quit.

Thus having clear'd the Way to their Surprize,
His Brothers he embrac'd; his willing Eyes
No longer check their late diſſembled Joys:

But in extatic Tears thoſe Clouds diſpell'd,
Which his true ſelf had hitherto conceal'd.
'Hence, feign'd Severity, he cries, depart:
'Advance thou gentler Secret of my Heart.
Then, to avert their Jealouſie of Wrong,
H'accoſts his Brethren in their proper Tongue:
'Scruple not, Sirs, by me to be embrac'd,
'Ere the fierce Boadings of your Fears are paſt.
'Sincere's the Tranſport that my Boſom warms:
'Your *Brother Joſeph* takes you to his Arms.
'Tell me, and make my promis'd Joys entire,
'Old *Iſrael* lives, my long lamented Sire.

But wild Amazement fetter'd up their Tongues,
Struck with Reflection of his former Wrongs.
Shame and Confuſion in their Face appear;
And conſcious Guilt recalls a ſudden Fear.

Joseph their great Disorder understood,
And thus his interrupted Speech pursu'd:
'Your *Brother* I——snatch'd from a threat'ned [Grave;
'But by your Hands to *Egypt* sold a Slave:
'Where various Sorrows long I did endure;
'Till Heav'n, with Empire, deign'd my Wrongs [to cure.
'Nor deem your selves to my Revenge betray'd.
'Th' exact Narration of my Woes, I've made,
'Is to convince you, I your *Joseph* am:
'My Better *Fortunes* only, not the *same*.
'Nor, for my self alone, indulgent Heav'n
'Has to my Woes this happy Issue giv'n;
'But, by imparted Foresight, me ordain'd
'To rescue from invading Want this Land:
'Where starving Millions are by me sustain'd.
'Ev'n *Pharaoh*'s Royal self to me divides
'His spacious Realms; and, by my Counsel, guides

'The

‘ The Reins of Empire. Next to him alone,
‘ Their Homage to me due, his Subjects own.
‘ *Two* mournful Years of Famine now are paſt;
‘ Five yet behind, the hungry *Dearth* muſt laſt;
‘ Ere chearful Harveſt, with her ſwelling Grain,
‘ Shall crown the Fields, and bleſs the Earth again.
‘ Mean while Propitious Heaven me has choſe
‘ To ſave, in this Diſtreſs, my *Father's Houſe*.
‘ What leſs imports th' unlimited Command,
‘ By Heav'n, and *Pharaoh*, put into my Hand?
‘ Ceaſe then the wild Diſorders of your Mind.
‘ Commit your Sorrows to th' uncertain Wind.
‘ For whilſt you, for this Deed, your ſelves accuſe;
‘ You conſtrue it your own: Nor leſs refuſe
‘ The Tribute of your Praiſe, to Heaven due;
‘ Which hither ſent me, to provide for you,
‘ Whilſt waſtful Famine ſhould the World annoy;
‘ And, with his Grain, the Ploughman's Hopes [deſtroy.

‘ Nor

'Nor fail, when *Canaan* you have reach'd, to bear
'My happy Story to good *Jacob*'s Ear.
'Perſuade his hoary Age to come, and be
'A Witneſs to the glad Cataſtrophe
'Of my ſuppos'd *Deceaſe*, his late Concern;
'Nor let him longer, for the *Living*, mourn.
'Tell him, 'tis my Requeſt, he would forſake
'His barren *Canaan*; and, with me, partake
'Heav'ns Treaſur'd Bounty, to this *Land* confin'd,
'For future Years: Nor ſtay your ſelves behind,
'Nor ought that's Dear to you. Your tender Care,
'Your Offspring, ſhall my equal Bounty ſhare.
'When hither come, fair *Goſhen*'s Plains will be
'Capacious of your ſelves, and Progeny.
'Your lowing Herds, your woolly Flocks ſhall [there,
'With wonted Profit, recompence your Care.
'If not t'avert your Doubt my Speech ſuffice,
'Believe the Witneſs of your faithful *Eyes*:

'Compare

' Compare with *Benjamin*'s my Form; and own,
' The Man you ſee, is *Rachel*'s other Son.

Then in his claſping Arms, with eager Haſte,
He *Benjamin*, his other ſelf, embrac'd;
Laviſh of Tears: Whilſt the tranſported Boy,
In equal Raptures meets his ſwelling Joy.
Next, to his Brethren's trembling Arms he bears
His Boſom, moiſten'd with redundant Tears,
To be embrac'd; and chides their cauſeleſs Fears.

His kind Reproof their fainting Hearts relieves,
And to their Tongues ingenuous Freedom gives:
" Moſt juſtly you to *Heav'n* direct our Praiſe,
" For this auſpicious Turn of Happineſs;
" That has, for *Empire*, chang'd your ſuffer'd [*Pains*;
" And made your Greatneſs the Propitious [Means
" Of our Support: tho' fooliſhly we ſtrove
" T' oppoſe his moſt *Benign Decrees*, above.

" Nor

" Nor can we chuſe, but our Demerits own,
" Which indirectly rais'd you to a *Throne*.
" For had we fixt to our firſt *Purpoſe* ſtood,
" Our impious Rage had ſhed your generous Blood.
" Here tho' in *Splendid Majeſty* array'd,
" You were by us to *Vaſſalage* betray'd.
" And does your noble Amneſty extend,
" To be your cruel Foes indulgent Friend?
" Such Goodneſs moves our Admiration more,
" Than did our Senſe of Guilt, our Fears, before.
" O, happy we! would *Gracious Heav'n* remit
" Thoſe Crimes, which *you* ſo willingly forget.

Mean while to *Pharaoh*'s Ear the Rumor flew,
Rejoicing at th' auſpicious Interview
Of *Iſrael*'s happy Sons. The glad Report
Fills with Complacency his ſmiling Court.
To *Joſeph* quick his Royal Will he ſends:
' In *Pharaoh*'s Name ſalute your welcome Friends.

' Fraught

‘ Fraught with the Goods of *Egypt*, home repair;
‘ And to your Sire my Royal Pleaſure bear.
‘ *Egypt* to you lies open. Come and be
‘ Equally welcome to your *Son*, and *Me*.
‘ Let no Domeſtick Cares avert your Courſe.
‘ The Gifts of Fortune quit, without Remorſe.
‘ My Kingdom amply ſhall their Loſs ſupply,
‘ And yield you richer Preſents to enjoy.
‘ Let all the pleaſant Objects of your Love
‘ Contribute to the general Remove.
‘ From *Canaan*, Sons, Wives, Children, hither come;
‘ And find, within my *Realms*, a better Home.
‘ For thoſe unapt the ſadled Mule to ſtride,
‘ Commodious Waggons, from my Stores, provide.

Joſeph the Royal Mandate quick obey'd;
And ſuch Proviſion, as directed, made.

To

To *Pharaoh*'s Bounty he his own ſubjoins,
And decks in coſtly Robes their girded Loins.
To diſtant *Iſrael*, whoſe abandon'd Face
He longs to ſee; whoſe feeble Limbs, t'embrace;
He ſends, t'evince his Wealth, and high Command,
Selecteſt Rarities of *Egypt*'s Land:
And, with good Store of Life's important Stay,
Rich Viands, to ſupport the tedious Way.

Thus royally equipp'd, the chearful Band
Return, with happier News, to *Canaan*'s Land,
Than late to *Jacob*'s mournful Ear they bore,
To ſour th' Enjoyment of their unbought Store.
His ecchoing Roofs the grateful Theme rebound:
Simeon from Bonds *releas'd*, and *Joſeph found*.
Nor only found: But, ſo by Heav'n ordain'd,
A *Prince*, and Ruler of the bounteous Land;
Whoſe amicable Stores their Life ſuſtain'd.

Joseph, by *Pharaoh*'s Royal Bounty, shares
His Kingdom's Splendor, and his Kingdom's Cares:
But jointly charg'd us to direct your Course,
From *Canaan*'s barren Soil, to *Egypt*'s plenteous [Stores.

To *Jacob*, tho' their Tale a Fiction seem,
Or fleeting Shadows of a Midnight Dream:
Yet so his Fancy dwells on the Surprize,
Scarce to support his Limbs, his trembling Nerves [suffice.
Till to his Gate approach'd the stately Train
Of Carriages, extended o'er the Plain;
Whose moving Pomp his late Distrust averts,
And to his fault'ring Limbs new Life imparts.
When thus he spake: 'O happy Evidence!
'That does fresh Vigour to mine Age dispence.
'And liv'st Thou yet, my *Joseph*! Let me dye,
'Rap'd in Excess of unexpected Joy.

'Yea

'Yea rather, let me live! to bess mine Eyes
'With his dear Sight, before mine Obsequies.
'Such Store of Bliss will over-pay the Cares,
'The sable Griefs of my declining Years.
'Life's tedious Task with Pleasure I resume.
'*Canaan*, farewel. To thee, Dear Boy, I come.
'Where'er my *Joseph* breaths, shall be my Home.

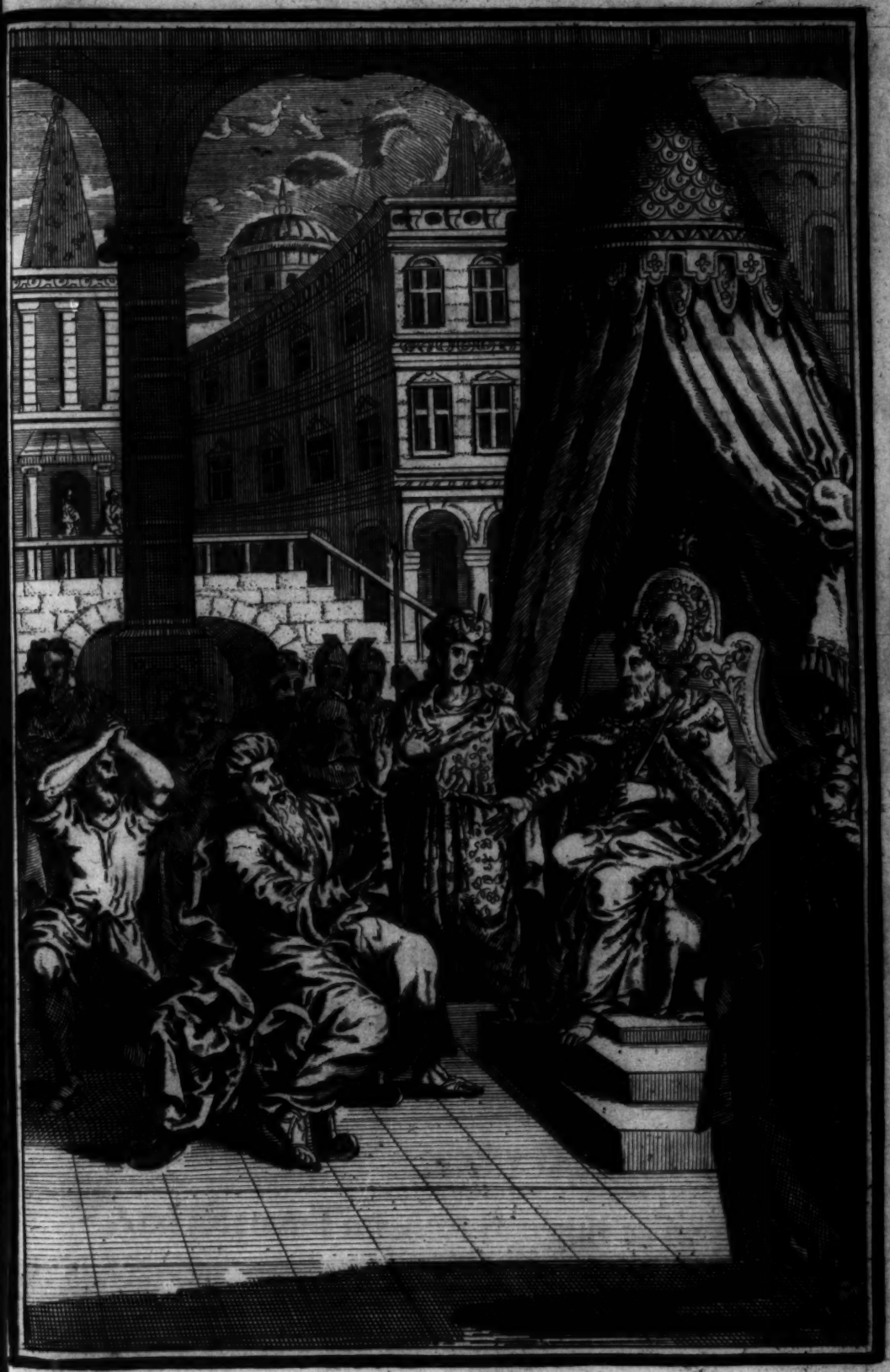
THE HISTORY OF JOSEPH.

BOOK VI.

The ARGUMENT.

Jacob, *in his Way to* Egypt, *is encouraged by* God: *Who discovers to him, in a Dream, what shall befall him and his Posterity, in that Land.* Jacob *pursues his Journey, and arrives in* Egypt. *He is joyfully received by his* Son, *and respectfully entertained by* Pharaoh; *who promises to provide for him, and his Family; and assigns them a Place of Abode.*

ALL



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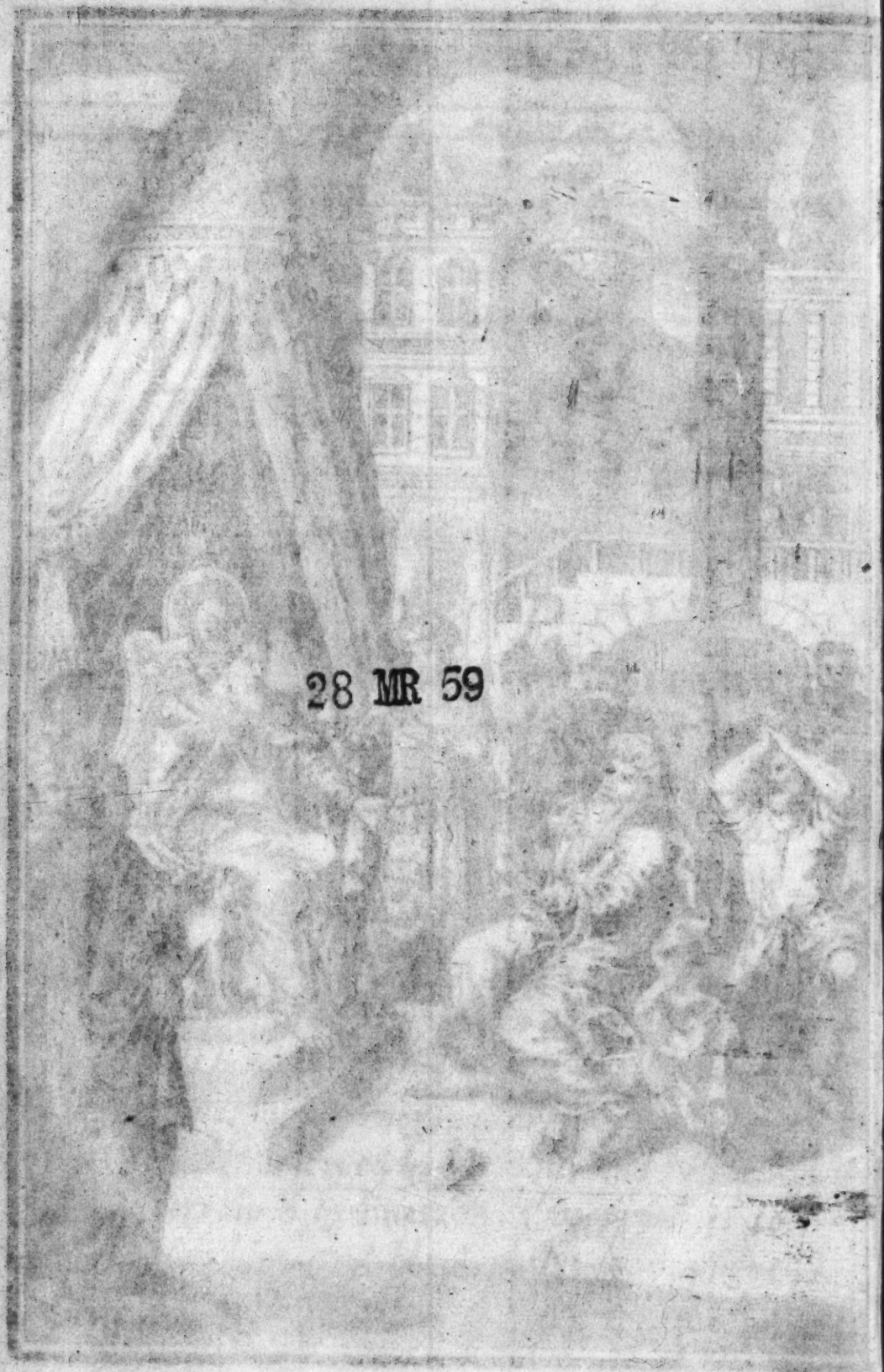

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ALL things prepar'd, impatient of Delay,
The *Patriarch* for *Egypt* takes his Way:
But makes a ſolemn Pauſe at *Beer-Sheba*.
Here Hecatombs commix'd with Incenſe riſe;
And mount, in circling Clouds, the Azure Skies.
His Pray'rs yet higher reach, to Heav'ns bright [Throne;
And bring t'his humble Suit, th' Almighty down.
(Whilſt ſable Night her ſtarry Curtains ſpread,
And gentle Slumbers round his Temples plaid.)
Beneath his Feet a pitchy Darkneſs roſe,
And ſolemn Thunders murmur as he goes.

His Veſture were the Beams of pureſt Light:
To which compar'd, the Sun, in all his Might,
Shines feebler, than to him, the Lamp of Night.
Myriads of Angels wait, on either Hand,
The awful Utt'rance of his great Command.
His ſacred Fingers a huge Volume hold,
With Leafs of Adamant, and Claſps of Gold.
There, in exacteſt Order rang'd, commence
The various Series of his Providence:
In everlaſting Lines recorded lie
The unborn Actions of Futurity.
Whence to the ſleeping Patriarch he diſplay'd
The Purport of his Will; and thus he ſaid:
'*Jacob*, as once, at *Peniel* aſſail'd,
'Thy pious Fortitude, o'er Heav'n prevail'd:
'So now thy Maker, vanquiſh'd by thy Pray'rs,
'Deſcends, to diſſipate thy needleſs Cares.

'Securely

' Securely thou at *Egypt* ſhalt arrive; [ſhalt live.
' And, bleſt with *Joſeph*'s Sight, to future Years
' Thy Father's God, and thine Almighty Friend
' Will there thy ſelf, and Progeny attend.
' And there my ſolemn Oath, to *Abraham* giv'n,
' Of Seed as numerous as the Stars of Heav'n,
' Shall be perform'd. But know, I have ordain'd,
' That twice two Hundred Years, in *Egypt*'s [Land,
' Thy multiplying Seed ſhall be detain'd.
' Then will I break their Yoke, relieve their Pains; [Chains:
' And Wealth and Conqueſt ſhall ſucceed their
' From *Egypt*'s Treacheries and Inſults free,
' *Canaan* ſhall their ſubdu'd Poſſeſſion be.
' Nor grieve thou at their melancholly State,
' Of which thy ſelf ſhalt not participate.
' In *Joſeph*'s Preſence, thou thy lateſt Breath
' Shalt undiſturb'd reſign t' a gentle Death.

'Whilſt he, with pious Grief, ſhall cloſe thine [Eyes;
'And, crown'd with laſting Peace, ſurvive thine [Obſequies.

This ſaid, th' Almighty reaſcends the Skies,
Whilſt *Jacob* in extatic Tranſport lies.
At length the ſacred Slumber leaves his Breaſt,
Chear'd with the Viſit of his Heav'nly Gueſt.
With gladſome Courage he his Courſe reſumes,
And to the pleaſant Boundaries he comes
Of *Nilus*, fam'd for his Sev'n Channels. There,
His Family ſurvey'd with pious Care,
The joyful Patriarch ſends the welcome News
To *Joſeph*, of th' Arrival of his Houſe:
Whence he to *Goſhen* would his Way purſue,
Impatient for the happy Interview.

Joſeph the Meſſage joyfully embrac'd,
And drove to *Goſhen* with impetuous Haſte.

His

His foamy Courſers with ſuch Swiftneſs move,
As tho' conteſting with the Winds he drove.
In *Iſrael*'s Fancy too, he ſeems to ſtay;
Who tedious counts the Hours, as he his Way.

At length fair *Goſhen* op'ning to his View,
Swift as Deſire to *Jacob*'s Arms he flew.
There he aſide his Princely Grandeur lays,
And at his Feet ſubmiſſive Homage pays.
The *Patriarch*, with trembling haſte, ſtoops down,
With thouſand Bleſſings o'er his proſtrate Son.
Exulting Tears o'erflow his raviſh'd Eyes:
Nor has he Thought to bid his *Joſeph*, riſe;
Till, his ſwoln Heart by their Profuſion eas'd,
The proſtrate *Noble*, with theſe Words, he rais'd:
'*Joſeph*, my ſhort Delight, and long my Moan;
'My much belov'd, and much lamented Son!

'Loſt

'Loſt to my Hopes, beyond my Hopes reſtor'd:
'Betray'd to ſerve in *Egypt*, now her Lord.
'What kinder Iſſue could propitious Heav'n,
'Or to thy Loſs, or my Deſpair have giv'n;
'Than cure with Empire thy permitted Woes;
'And, with thy Sight, reſtore my loſt Repoſe.
'Not greater thou, with all this Princely Train,
'Than happy I, to ſee thee once again.
'O matchleſs Turn of Grief! Oh might I dye,
'This happy Hour, diſſolv'd in Extaſie:
'Twould more than recompence my Sorrows paſt,
'To make the happieſt of my Days, my laſt.

Joy and Concern alternate move the Breaſt
Of *Joſeph* thus in *Jacob*'s Arms careſs'd.
His Father's Bleſſings he with Joy receives;
But his Indifference for Life he grieves.

To

To whom he ſaid: 'To me your Sight affords
'A Joy, upbraids my Poverty of Words.
'Not all my Glories in this Potent Land,
'My Prince's Favours, nor my wide Command,
'Do equal the ſincerer Joys I bear,
'To meet your Reverend Age, in Safety, here.
'And doubly I my Grandeur's Pomp enjoy,
'Whilſt to your Succour I this Pow'r employ.
'With ſwift Diſpatch I will to *Pharaoh*'s Ear
'The happy News of your Arrival bear:
'A Subject grateful to his Gen'rous Mind,
'Who to my Duty had his Pleaſure join'd:
'Preſs'd your Remove from *Canaan*'s barren Fields
'To ſhare that Bounty, which his *Kingdom* yields;
'And does alone ſuch Suſtenance provide;
'As is, for Years behind, to other Lands deny'd.
'Nor leaſt commodious to your wiſh'd Repoſe
'Is *Goſhen*; which for your Abode I've choſe.

'Here

'Here Plenty ſhall attend your fearleſs Days:
'Here undiſturb'd your Herds and Flocks ſhall [graze.
'Theſe flow'ry Plains ſhall all their Wants ſuffice,
'Yours be ſupply'd from *Egypt*'s Graneries.
'*Pharaoh* the Land I promiſe will beſtow,
'Soon as your Occupation he ſhall know;
'Won by this double Motive, my *Requeſt*,
'And your *Employment*; which his Realms deteſt.
'When therefore *Pharaoh*'s Preſence you ap- [proach,
'And he upon your Courſe of Life ſhall touch;
'Without Reſerve, your hated Calling tell;
'In diſtant *Goſhen* ſupplicate to dwell.
'The *Cauſe* deteſted, your *Requeſt* will pleaſe;
'And both ſecure your own, and *Pharaoh*'s Peace.

Thence he with chearful Haſte to Court purſues
His Journey, with the not unwelcome News
Of the Arrival of his Father's Houſe.

Five

Five of the Brotherhood attend him there;
Who with a previous Gratitude declare,
In *Iſrael*'s Name, their Senſe of *Pharaoh*'s Grant;
Who had vouchſaf'd them, from reſiſtleſs Want,
A ſafe Retreat. He graciouſly receives
Their Thanks; and a repeated Welcome gives.
Their Bodies they, with loweſt Rev'rence, bow;
And humbly move: "Would *Pharaoh*'s Grace [allow
"To us our wonted Courſe of Life; we crave
"No happier Freedom in your Realms to have.
Their Occupation then he bids them, ſay:
And his Dominions ſhould their Choice obey.
Thus far ſucceſsful they, with Joy, declare:
"Our Flocks are both our Pleaſure, and our Care;
"Which to this Hoſpitable Land we drove,
"The Brute Companions of our late Remove.
"If you vouchſafe, in *Goſhen*'s Paſtures they,
"As once in *Canaan*'s, will ſecurely ſtray.

Goſhen,

Goſhen, their Choice, he inſtantly beſtow'd;
And with his Royal Signet made their Title good.

Mean while the hoary *Patriarch* reach'd the [Court,
From *Goſhen*'s Land convey'd. The glad Report
Fill'd *Joſeph*'s Ear; who, from the Palace Gates,
Upon his *Sire* magnificently waits;
And into *Pharaoh*'s crouded Preſence brings,
Him thus addreſſing; 'Moſt Auguſt of Kings!
'Behold, my Father, whom your Royal Grace
'Had ſummon'd from a Land of Barrenneſs,
'Is come, obedient to your Call, to ſhare
'The nearer Bleſſing of your promis'd Care.
Then *Jacob*, in the Royal Preſence plac'd
Conſpicuous, thus his Gratitude expreſt:
'Great Monarch! as thy *Nilus*' Ancient Flood
'O'er ſwells his Banks, and ſpreads diffuſive Good;

'So

'So *Thou*, but in a wider Compaſs far,
'Extendſt, beyond thy Realms, thy Princely Care.
'Thouſands of Strangers by thy Bounteous Hand
'Are, fainting with oppreſſive Need, ſuſtain'd.
'Whilſt thoſe abroad thy general Goodneſs ſhare,
'Thy happier Natives bleſs thy nearer Care.
'Yet happier we! on whom thou doſt beſtow
'Thy common Favours, and peculiar too.
'Our Thanks too mean a Preſent are. Our Store,
'If venal were your Grant, tho' Ten times more,
'For the Rich Purchaſe, were a Price too poor.
'Than thy great ſelf, we own no greater Friend;
'But him, on whom all Beings elſe depend:
'The ſole Preſerver, and firſt Cauſe of all;
'Without Beginning, Time's Original.
Then darting towards Heav'n his reverent Eyes,
And lifting up his trembling Hands, he cries:

'To

'To him, insolvent we our Suit prefer;
'As we are thine, to make thee so his Care.
'For our Reprieve from threat'ned Famine, you
'May he a long, and prosp'rous Life allow;
'And with Increase of Happiness, pursue.
'Till, by a gentle, thou, but late Remove,
'The glorious Number of the Blest improve.

Great *Pharaoh*, with an awful Gladness hears
The *Patriarch*'s Blessing, and important Pray'rs,
To Heav'ns high Throne, in his Behalf addrest;
And answers: 'Heav'n, the Blessings you request,
'Vouchsafe to grant! Altho' the Goodness you
'To me ascribe, be to *Another* due;
'By the great Ruler of the Stars, ordain'd
'The sole Preserver of this threaten'd Land:

'I

'I mean your *Joseph*; who, at Diſtance, view'd
'My deſtin'd Realms by meagre Dearth purſu'd;
'And made their preſent Luxury of Bread
'Subſervient to the Cure of future Need.
'I too the Glory of my Reſcue own
'Due to the Foreſight of your Godlike Son;
'Whereby he has diſarm'd our threat'ning Fate,
'Nor leſs my ſelf preſerv'd, than drooping State.
'With us you therefore have a Right to ſhare
'The Rich Effects of his Auſpicious Care.
'Be your Poſſeſſion then the Land you chuſe;
'And freely *Egypt*'s hoarded Treaſures uſe:
'Till Heav'n relenting, with her ponderous Grain
'Shall condeſcend, to bleſs the Earth again.
'When, from a frugal, to the boundleſs Uſe
'You ſhall arrive, of what my Realms produce.

Then he, with gracious Smile, to *Joseph* said:
'Or thou, who hast my utmost Land survey'd,
'If more commodious Place thou hast descry'd
'Than *Gashen*'s Pastures; see, with Care, provide
'Not only what their present *Needs* require;
'But, if thou canst, anticipate *Desire*.

Thus Royally dismiss'd they take their Leave,
And chearful Thanks, with lowest Rev'rence, give.
Joseph to theirs his grateful Sense subjoin'd
Of *Pharaoh*'s Grant; and, to the Land assign'd
To their Repose and Sustenance, attends
His happy *Sire*, and not unwelcome *Friends*.

Thus, whilst divided Europe *hears Alarms,*
And bleeding Nations mourn destructive Arms;
In peaceful Britain, *happily secur'd*
By ANNA's Piety, *and* ANNA's Sword,

(*Whilst*

(Whilſt far abroad her Righteous Aid is lent,
To fix the Ballance of the Continent)
Th' advent'rous Muſe, *in faithful Verſe, recites*
Thoſe Ancient Truths, the Sacred Page *indites:*
An injur'd Man, purſu'd by Brothers Hate,
Honour'd by Heav'n; and made, thro' Suff'rings, great.
And now, the mighty Guardian of our Iſle,
Compleat in Juſtice, Fame, *and* Glorious Toil,
Does not diſdain t'inſert the Olive Crown
Among thoſe Lawrels *which Her Arms have won;*
But, with a Parent's Care, *vouchſafes to bleſs*
Her Wiſhing People *with the Joys of* Peace:
Long may ſuch Royal Excellence *command*
Our Hearts; which Succours, and Adorns this Land;
The Diadem *ſit eaſie on Her Brows,*
On which Increaſe of Luſtre *She beſtows;*
And we the Bleſſings of Her Reign *confeſs,*
In Willing Duty, *and in* Mutual Peace!

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